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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. BOSSUET,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	323
II. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "Lady Bell," etc. Part IX.,	<i>Good Words,</i>	342
III. ROMAN LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY,	<i>National Review,</i>	352
IV. MITCHELHURST PLACE. Part III.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	359
V. THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET,	<i>Scottish Review,</i>	368
VI. NEWSPAPERS,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	375
VII. A PEASANT HOME IN BRETON,	<i>Time,</i>	383

POETRY.

JUVENTUS MUNDI,	322	JULY,	322
PARTING,	322		
MISCELLANY,			384

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JUVENTUS MUNDI.

BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LIST a tale a fairy sent us
 Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
 When Love and all the world was young,
 And birds conversed as well as sung;
 And men still faced this fair creation
 With humor, heart, imagination,
 Who come hither from Morocco
 Every spring on the Sirocco.
 In russet she, and he in yellow,
 Singing ever clear and mellow,
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet
 you,

Did he beat you? Did he beat you?"
 Phyllophneustes wise folk call them,
 But don't know what did befall them,
 Why they ever thought of coming
 All that way to hear gnats humming,
 Why they built not nests but houses,
 Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
 Nor how little birds got wings,
 Nor what 'tis the small cock sings —
 How should they know — stupid fogies?
 They daren't even believe in bogies.
 Once they were a girl and boy,
 Each the other's life and joy.
 He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
 Only they were brown, not snowy,
 Till an Arab found them playing
 Far beyond the Atlas straying,
 Tied the helpless things together,
 Drove them in the burning weather,
 In his slave-gang many a league,
 Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
 Up he caught his whip of hide,
 Lashed each soft brown back and side
 Till their little brains were burst
 With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
 Over her the poor boy lay,
 Tried to keep the blows away,
 Till they stiffened into clay,
 And the ruffian rode away.
 Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
 Carrion vultures gathered round,
 And the gaunt hyenas ran
 Tracking up the caravan.
 But — Ah, wonder! that was gone
 Which they meant to feast upon.
 And, for each, a yellow wren,
 One a cock, and one a hen,
 Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
 O'er the desert toward the north.
 But a shade of bygone sorrow,
 Like a dream upon the morrow,
 Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
 Sets the wee cock ever singing,
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet
 you,
 Did he beat you? Did he beat you?"
 Vultures croaked, and hopped, and flopped,
 But their evening meal was stopped.
 And the gaunt hyenas foul,
 Sat down on their tails to howl.
 Northward towards the cool spring weather,
 Those two wrens fled on together,
 On to England o'er the sea
 Where all folks alike are free.

There they built a cabin, wattled
 Like the huts where first they prattled,
 Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
 Many a tiny feathered baby.
 But in autumn south they go
 Past the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
 Over desert, over mountain,
 To the palms beside the fountain,
 Where, when once they lived before, he
 Told her first the old, old story.
 "What do the doves say? Curuk-Coo,
 You love me and I love you."

Macmillan's Magazine.

1873.

PARTING.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN.

You saw me safely up the hill,
 (The day was almost spent,)
 And there you told me you must go:
 We parted, and you went.

But I stood still and watched the woods
 Glow with the setting sun,
 And gazed upon the little path
 That you were winding down.

And there the spire amongst the trees,
 Still in the sunlight gleamed,
 But I turned down the other side,
 And oh, how dark it seemed!

In dreams, how many times since then
 I've parted from you so!
 My heart dwells on the hilltop yet,
 And gazes down below.

Temple Bar.

J. W. CROMBIE.

JULY.

To-DAY, beside the everlasting sea,
 Whose waves are creeping up the level sand
 And gently breaking on the pebbled strand,
 How great a bliss existence seems to be!
 There is no cloud in all the sky above;
 The deep blue sea, with white sails over-
 spread,

Reflects the glowing sunlight overhead,
 As if responding to its smiles of love.
 All things are bright and beautiful around,
 And happy children, in their joyous play,
 Are adding music to this glorious day,
 Their sunny hair with wreaths of wild flow'rs
 crowned.

The earth, the sea, the sky, with grateful voice
 Are praising God, and bidding man rejoice.

JENNETTE FOTHERGIL.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.
BOSSUET.*

OF the recent French literature upon Bossuet, the famous Bishop of Meaux, a portion of which is named below, but little we believe is known to English readers. It originated in the impulse given about forty years ago, by M. Victor Cousin, to a critical examination of the texts in which were current the works of the best French writers of the seventeenth century, by whom chiefly the language had been developed and fixed; and it was stimulated by the discovery shortly afterwards of the long-lost biographical work of the Abbé le Dieu, who had been Bossuet's secretary during the last twenty years of that great prelate's life. Unlike, however, the literature upon Pascal, which had the same origin, the modern critical works upon Bossuet are exclusively French, and appear to have attracted little notice outside the country of their birth; a fact, we conceive, highly significant of the interval which separated his genius from that of the author of the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts." Under these circumstances, now that no further discoveries are to be expected, and time has at last irrevocably stamped out the whole policy, both in Church and State, to the support of which Bossuet devoted his splendid abilities, a fitting occasion seems

to have arrived to introduce to our readers the results of recent investigation and analysis, and to do for the "Eagle of Meaux" what a few years ago we endeavored to do for the recluse of Port Royal.

To criticise in detail the works named at the head of this article would be beside our purpose; enough to say that they are for the most part highly eulogistic, and show that it has been a labor of love with their authors to throw light on the nature of Bossuet's genius, and to display the force of his character and the achievements of his intellect. Indeed in some the admiration is so indiscriminate and excessive as to confound the functions of the advocate and of the judge, notably in the case of M. Poujoulat, who professes to inaugurate a cult of Bossuet, and devotes his book to the purpose of unveiling the "unknown god" before the gaze of the worshippers, who have hitherto adored in faith rather than with knowledge. So serious a specimen as this, however, of what Macaulay styled "the *lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration," peculiarly incident to biographers and editors, is strictly exceptional, so far as our acquaintance with this voluminous literature has extended: the warmth of M. Poujoulat's fellow-eulogists, even in its excesses, does not make them overstep the bounds of decency; and their admiration, though occasionally irritating in the loudness of its tones, may plead a great deal in its excuse. For Bossuet is unquestionably one of the glories of France, and to a patriotic Frenchman it would naturally seem as sacrilegious to lay a hostile hand on the pedestal of his fame, as it would to a patriotic Englishman to impugn the right of our nearly contemporary Milton to his seat in the pantheon of our country's worthies. There are many much less pardonable literary errors than the exaggerations into which the biographical student is betrayed when, in lovingly tracing the lineaments he has learned to idolize, his passionate attachment makes him forgetful of every fault. Besides, it must be allowed that Bossuet is large enough to bear an appreciable degree of detraction on this side and on that, without suffering serious diminution of his bulk. To some,

* 1. *Œuvres complètes de Bossuet, publiées d'après les imprimés et les manuscrits originaux purgées des interpolations et rendues à leur intégrité.* Par F. Lachat. 31 vols. Paris, 1862-6.

2. *Histoire de Bossuet et de ses œuvres.* Par M. Réaume, Chanoine de l'église de Meaux. 3 vols. Paris, 1869.

3. *Mémoires et Journal sur la vie et les ouvrages de Bossuet, de l'Abbé le Dieu, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits autographes, et accompagnés d'une introduction et de notes.* Par l'Abbé Guettée. 4 vols. Paris, 1856.

4. *Lettres sur Bossuet à un Homme d'Etat.* Par J. J. F. Poujoulat. Paris, 1854.

5. *Études sur la Vie de Bossuet.* Par P. A. Floquet. 4 vols. Paris, 1855-1864.

6. *La Politique de Bossuet.* Par J. F. Nourisson. Paris, 1867.

7. *Bossuet, Orateur.* Par E. Gandar. Paris, 1867.

8. *Quittisme de Madame Guyon.* Par l'Abbé Li-

9. *Controverse entre Bossuet et Fénelon au sujet bouroux.* Paris, 1876.

10. *Études sur la condamnation des Maximes des Saints.* Par A. Griveau. 2 vols. Paris, 1873.

11. *Madame Guyon, sa vie, sa doctrine, et son influence.* Par L. Guerrier. Orleans, 1881.

like the Abbé Guettée, his defence of the Gallican liberties against papal encroachment renders his memory too dear for impartial criticism; though what the imperious prelate would have thought of the abbé's secession to the Greek communion because the congregation of the Holy Office placed his history of the French Church on the prohibited list, cannot for a moment be doubted. Others again, like the Abbé Réaume, though vehement Ultramontanes, yet for the sake of Bossuet's vigorous onslaughts on Protestantism, are willing to condone his heterodoxy about the pope, and to excuse it as being less the fault of the man than of his times. If each side finds something to palliate or to condemn, as the varied scenes of Bossuet's activity pass under review, each discerns in the whole man so commanding a personality, such an intellectual force and practical energy of character that the blemishes remain scarcely visible, and the whispered censure becomes almost inaudible amidst the chorus of praise.

In the literature of which we are speaking, one thing stands out with supreme clearness: this, namely, that notwithstanding the untiring activity of Bossuet's pen, both in Latin and French, during his whole life, the least appropriate aspect in which he can be viewed is that of a man of letters. He was heard a hundred times to say, records *Le Dieu*, that he could not conceive how any man of intelligence should have patience to make a book for the mere pleasure of writing; and late in life, when giving to Cardinal de Bouillon some hints respecting the formation of a preacher's style, he frankly confesses, "I have read but few French books." Whatever he wrote was composed for some immediate practical purpose, such as the instruction of his royal pupil, or in defence of religion and the Church. He wrote, not as an author, but as a bishop and a doctor of the Church, wielding his pen simply as the instrument of his work, just as the knightly warrior, vowed to combat for the right, employed his lance or his sword. As one goes through the thirty-one volumes of M. Lachat's edition of his works, it is surprising to discover

that half of the immense collection was never sent to press by Bossuet at all, and only saw the light at various periods after his death, as circumstances induced those into whose hands the manuscripts fell, to give them to the world. Of two hundred sermons, extant in whole or in part, he himself never published more than seven, and even those reluctantly, at the urgency of friends. His great Latin work, in defence of the declaration of the liberties of the Gallican Church adopted by the assembly of the clergy in 1682, by some esteemed the noblest fruit of his pen, was suppressed by him for political reasons, and only crept into print forty years after his death, under circumstances which gave Count J. de Maistre plausible ground for questioning its authenticity, or at least its conformity with Bossuet's real sentiments. Of the half-dozen treatises — most of them elaborate works — composed by him for the instruction of the Dauphin, only one, the celebrated "Discourse on Universal History," was given by the author himself to the public. Even his own favorite work, the "Politics drawn from the very Words of Holy Scripture," retouched and completed by him in the last years of his life, was left for his nephew to publish for the first time five years after his uncle's death. Of another, "Concerning the Knowledge of God and of Oneself," the fate was more curious. After it had served its immediate purpose, it was lent to Fénelon to aid in the education of his pupil, the young Duke of Burgundy, for whom the "Télémaque" was written; and, being found among that prelate's papers after his death, was first published as a posthumous work of his, and passed as such for the next twenty years. In a word, the printing-press was only resorted to by Bossuet when some immediate purpose was to be served by it; in other cases his habit was to lay the manuscripts by, and leave them to take their chance when they fell into the hands of his heirs.

Having made these remarks on the works before us, we now turn to our main object, which is to examine Bossuet's achievement as a whole, and to form an estimate of his title to the great reputation

which crowns his memory. To do this with justice, it will be indispensable first to sketch in outline his personal history, and take into account the circumstances amidst which he grew up and wrought out his destiny; for, of men of equal force and fame, few probably were ever more fashioned and controlled by their social environment. Of him it may be said with more than usual truth, that his age made him what he became; next after Louis XIV., the monarch whom he regarded with a veneration bordering upon worship, he may be described as the fullest incarnation of its ideas and beliefs.

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet was born at Dijon in 1627, and on both sides of his parentage came of families connected with the provincial parliaments; bodies, as it is well known, not legislative but magisterial, and entrusted with the administration of the law. At the time of his birth, not less than six of his near relatives were councillors of the parliament of his native town; and his father, finding no opening there, moved to Metz, to take up a similar appointment in the parliament of that place, leaving our Bossuet, then six years old, in charge of an uncle at Dijon. It is important to remember that France was then but slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the civil war of the League, the object of which had been to extirpate the Huguenot party, and force both the crown and the Church into unqualified submission to the Papal See. Nor must we overlook that in his own youth, through the senseless wars of the Fronde, Bossuet himself saw his country once more convulsed and the crown humiliated; while across the water he watched the English rebellion running its turbulent and fatal course, and shaking the thrones of Europe with amazement and terror. Both his hereditary prepossessions, then, and the experiences of his youth, combined to foster in his mind the sentiment of absolute submission to the crown as the only secure centre of national unity, and to root in him two invincible and life-long aversions: on one side, to the Reformed doctrines, which seemed in every nation where they found a footing to be a standing source of discord and

weakness; on the other, to the encroaching policy of the popes, which menaced the royal prerogative, and thrust upon the Gallican Church a foreign and unconstitutional jurisdiction. Of the influence upon his conduct of this early training of his mind the whole of his public life is an illustration.

From the age of eight, when he was tonsured, to fifteen, when he was removed to Paris, he received his education in the Jesuits' school at Dijon, becoming at thirteen, through his father's influence, a non-resident canon in the cathedral of Metz, in accordance with the shameful prostitution of ecclesiastical patronage common at the time. Of his early diligence in study a memorial survives in the application to him of the punning nickname *Bos suetus aratro*, a bullock accustomed to the plough (cf. Jerem. xxxi. : 18); and it was, we are told, when he was in what we should now call the fifth form (*en seconde*), that he first, by chance, made acquaintance with the Bible, of course in the Latin Vulgate, and received from the Hebrew prophets an impression which left a lasting mark on his style. All accounts represent him both in youth and manhood as irreproachable in morals, in an age when unhappily even the highest ecclesiastical station and the most sacred functions were very far from being guarantees for private correctness of conduct. Late in his life, indeed, some dissolute priest whom he had ejected spread a story of his having, when young, contracted a clandestine marriage with a Mademoiselle de Mauléon, a lady to whom he rendered many services, and who eventually outlived him; but the statement is so evidently baseless that it would not be worth mentioning, except to explain a bon-mot to which it gave occasion, that M. de Meaux was more Mauléoniste than Moliniste. From the first the priestly vocation seems to have satisfied and absorbed him; his marvellous faculties as they ripened found all the outlet they needed in the exercises and duties of the ecclesiastic and theologian. He was born with a sacerdotal soul; without a single inward struggle or wandering desire he yielded himself to his chosen calling, and for it

alone he lived to the end. As Lamartine says, "Imagination cannot conceive of him as a layman."

At fifteen he entered the College of Navarre at Paris, bringing with him the reputation of being a prodigy of learning and oratorical ability. To the following year belongs the curious story of his introduction to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the fashionable lounge of the wits and scholars of the period. A wager was laid that the lad, with a short time for reflection, could extemporize a sermon on any given topic; the result being that one evening he was sent for, and a subject having been selected and a few minutes allowed for meditation upon it, shortly before midnight he declaimed a discourse with such fluency and eloquence as to fill the gay saloon with applause, and draw from Voiture the saying that he had never heard any one preach at once so early and so late.

Ordained deacon at twenty-two, and priest three years later, when he also took his degree as doctor of theology and publicly dedicated himself, soul and body, to the defence of the truth, he made Metz his headquarters for the next twenty years, pursuing his studies in patristic lore, preaching assiduously in the town and neighborhood, and fulfilling his duties in the cathedral, of which, in 1664, he became dean. In the earlier part of this period he began his career as a writer and controversialist by publishing a refutation of a catechism put out by Paul Ferry, a leading Huguenot minister settled at Metz; later on, spending a large part of his time at Paris, he gradually acquired the reputation of being the first preacher of the day, and became so much in vogue for his fervid eloquence and sympathetic treatment of the frailties of the great, that it seemed as if the splendid sinners who surrounded Louis XIV. could not pass comfortably to their account without the support of his death-bed ministrations. "In his presence and at his voice," it was said, "death seemed to lose a part of its terrors." His position at this epoch is so vividly portrayed in the tragic story of the death of the young Duchess of Orleans, Henrietta of England, daughter of our Charles I., that we may be excused for briefly repeating it here.

In 1669 Bossuet had delivered his celebrated funeral oration for her mother, the widowed queen, at whose death nothing but its suddenness prevented him from being present. In the following year, the daughter being suddenly struck, when at

Versailles, by a mortal sickness, supposed to have been the effect of poison administered by the creatures of her reprobate husband, cried out in her agonies that Bossuet should be instantly sent for, and brought to her bedside. While couriers were despatched in hot haste to fetch him from Paris, she made her confession and received the last sacraments, much distressed, it is said, by the "inflexible severity" of the priest in attendance, and anxiously watching the door for Bossuet's arrival. It was past midnight when he came, and she immediately exacted from him a promise that he would not leave her as long as she breathed. With the crucifix in his clasped hands on which the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, not long before had breathed her dying kiss, he threw himself on his knees by the bedside; and as the life of the ill-fated princess rapidly ebbed away, he wept and prayed with her, with words so full of consolation and faith that the people of the court, who as usual crowded the chamber, were melted into passionate tears by the scene. Within an hour of her death, whispering in English, that Bossuet might not understand, she desired that a superb emerald and diamond ring she wore should be given to him as a memorial, when all was over. She expired at 3 A.M., only nine hours after the seizure, and the ring with the message was immediately conveyed by Madame la Fayette to the king, who sent for Bossuet, placed the jewel on his finger, and charged him to wear it always, and to preach the princess's funeral discourse. As soon as the incident got wind, Bossuet was congratulated by the courtiers, who at the same time expressed a regret that the proprieties of the pulpit would scarcely admit of his mentioning a circumstance so honorable both to the departed princess and to himself. "Why not?" was his reply; which, flying from lip to lip, excited an eager curiosity to see how the great orator would carry out his implied intention. It was not till near the end of the discourse that their curiosity was gratified, and it was in a way that took them by surprise. Among the virtues of the departed, Bossuet found occasion to commemorate not only her liberality, but the pleasing grace with which she enhanced the value of her gifts. "This art of giving gracefully," he added, "which she so well practised in life, accompanied her — *I know it* — into the very arms of death." Those three words, "*Je le sais*," pronounced with a sudden emphasis and a gesture of the hand sparkling

with the well-known jewel, electrified the brilliant audience, which was as much moved by admiration of the orator's address in dealing with so delicate a matter, as it had been previously thrilled by his pathos in depicting the consternation of that night of horror, when the precincts of the court rang with the terrible cry, "Madame is dying — Madame is dead!"

Nearly a year before, Bossuet had been nominated by the king to the see of Condom; but owing to the illness and death of the pope, Clement XI., and the long vacancy that ensued, twelve months elapsed before the bulls necessary to his consecration arrived from Rome. Just a week before the day fixed for the ceremony, he was unexpectedly appointed tutor to the dauphin, then nine years old, the only legitimate son of Louis who survived infancy. For this responsible office his learning and ability, joined to the solidity and spotless purity of his character, designated him as the most proper person to be found in all France; and his well-known leaning to absolutism was a further strong recommendation. But at first the two offices of bishop and tutor seemed to him incompatible; it would be impossible, he felt, while residing at the court, to do his duty by a diocese in the extreme south of the kingdom. For a time he was sorely perplexed. Every preparation having been made for his immediate consecration, he could scarcely recede at the last moment without ecclesiastical scandal; yet his friends assured him that the Church would suffer more by his burying himself in a remote province. Besides, the king pooh-poohed his scruples, said he was determined to have a bishop for his son's tutor, and ordered him to go forward at once with his consecration. In the end Bossuet yielded to the royal wish; but after nominally holding the bishopric for thirteen months, just long enough to defray the costs of institution, he very honorably resigned it, and gave his undivided attention to the education of the young prince. For ten years he labored at this difficult and delicate task with unwearied diligence, and to the entire satisfaction of his royal master, cheerfully resuming the classical studies which he had long laid aside, and exhausting all the resources of his great intellect to train up worthily the heir of the first throne in Christendom. Unfortunately the soil which he tilled was too thin and poor to repay such high cultivation, and the pupil's constitutional incapacity of attention rendered his lessons as bitter to himself as they were irksome

to his teacher. "Madame," said the prince abruptly one day to a lady who happened to speak in his presence of some intense sorrow of her life, "Madame, had you ever to compose themes?" "No, your Highness," she answered, in surprise at so odd a question. "Then," rejoined the lad, "don't talk any more of misery, for you don't half know what it really is."

During his tenure of this office we find Bossuet growing in influence with the king, corresponding with the pope about the Dauphin's education, and laying more broadly the foundations of his fame as the champion of established institutions, and the scourge of heresy and novelty. Nor was it only by his intellectual force and resolute bearing in controversy that he won respect and esteem; he is described as simple in habits, courteous and candid, full of sweetness and kindness, a man to draw real friends around him and keep them attached by personal affection. Indeed, in a secret report, which has been recently unearthed among the papers of Colbert, he is described as "an adroit and insinuating spirit, endeavoring to please all with whom he associates, and professing the opinions which he finds them to hold." It is a truer, as well as more pleasing picture, which one of his biographers gives, when he sketches him taking his afternoon walks in the Philosopher's Alley at Versailles, attended by the most cultivated of his clerical colleagues, like a father surrounded by his council, Bible in hand, interpreting a text, explaining a Hebraism, or solving a difficulty, while they freely added their several contributions of science or philosophy, exegesis or historical anecdote, and almost forgot his superiority in the charm of his deference and modesty.

A few remarks may here be devoted to the two most important of the works composed by Bossuet as text-books for his royal pupil, the "Politics" and the "Universal History." The former was intended to be a manual for kings of their rights and their duties. In order and method it has a geometrical character, being drawn out in a series of formal propositions; in substance it is the defence of a despotism, qualified by nothing but the royal conscience. Starting from the assumption that the monarchical polity of the Jews was a divine ideal, Bossuet undertakes to exhibit in the very words of Scripture a perfect system of government. With the doctrine of legitimacy he does not trouble himself; the king *de facto*, as soon as his power is consolidated, is rep-

resented as the vicegerent of heaven, responsible to God alone, and absolute master of the liberties, goods, and lives of his subjects, who are his slaves, his cattle, having no right even to exist but at his pleasure. The book may be succinctly characterized as an apotheosis of the absolutism of Louis XIV.; and it is chiefly valuable as a monument of the terrible misuse of the Bible into which even genius and piety combined may be betrayed. The other work, once extremely popular though now almost forgotten, is a rapid sketch of the world's course from Adam to Charlemagne; being intended, as Bossuet himself says, to be to particular histories what a general index map is to the maps of particular countries. Philosophical it is not, for it subordinates history to a preconceived theory; neither is it critical, for it simply accepts the current ideas and narratives, without subjecting them to examination. Its charm, which is considerable, lies in its comprehensive glance, its lucidity, its oratorical fervor and impressiveness; in describing the character of the Romans, and tracing the rise and fall of their dominion, Bossuet is especially happy. The great fault of the work is the point of view from which it is written. When an historian sets out with the design of showing that from the beginning of the world empires have been caused to spring up, flourish, and waste away, for the sole purpose of producing the Roman Catholic Church, his interpretation of history necessarily becomes somewhat narrow and artificial. And such is Bossuet's enterprise. Had he been content to trace a providential preparation for Christianity in the story of those great nations which move across the scenery of the Bible, none but sceptics could have demurred; but to contract Christianity into Roman Catholicism, and regard the divine government of the world as solely occupied with the development of the communion which owns the sway of the Vatican, is to force history to speak with a voice which is certainly not its own. One can scarcely wonder that Mr. Buckle, with his violent antipathy to theology, and his addiction to strong language, should have styled the book "an audacious attempt to degrade history to a mere handmaid of theology," and should have seen in it "a painful exhibition of a great genius cramped by a superstitious age."

The education of the Dauphin being terminated by his marriage early in 1680, Bossuet was nominated by the king to the

bishopric of Meaux, being then in his fifty-fifth year; and till his death in 1704 he occupied that see, which is indelibly associated with his fame. It was the highest dignity in the Church to which he attained. Had promotion gone by merit, nothing could have stood between him and the archiepiscopal throne of Paris with a cardinal's hat; but with Louis no merit, however commanding, could compensate for the absence of the aristocratic *de* before the name when the chief places in the hierarchy were to be filled, and Madame de Maintenon was too much in the hands of the Jesuits, who were no friend of Bossuet's, to allow his just claim to the purple to be backed at Rome. Yet so long as he lived, by the weight of his learning and character he practically wielded an unofficial primacy over the French Church, as the ablest exponent of its views and director of its policy. In such a sketch as this it is impossible to enter into any minute account of the twenty-three years of his laborious episcopate: all that we can attempt is, to show the part borne by him in the three principal ecclesiastical affairs that emerged within that period: the quarrel with Rome about the *régale*; the treatment of the Protestants; and the controversy about Quietism.

The first of these was at its height when Bossuet received his nomination to the see of Meaux. It originated in the claim of the king, as feudal lord, to extend over the whole of the kingdom the right of the crown to enjoy the revenues and exercise the patronage of sees and abbeys during vacancy, that right having been hitherto restricted to certain provinces. The immediate result was a sturdy resistance by two of the most respected of the suffragan bishops, and an appeal on their part to the pope, a step to which the crown replied by a sentence of deprivation. Innocent XI., the reigning pontiff, being delighted at so good an occasion for asserting his authority to interfere with the internal administration of the Gallican Church, fulminated brief after brief against the French king, demanding the instant withdrawal of the royal claims, and cancelling everything which had been done under their sanction, even to the voiding of the absolutions conferred, and the marriages solemnized, by priests thus intruded by the crown contrary to the rights of the Church. By such high-handed proceedings at Rome, France was goaded into exasperation. Riots followed: the Parliaments, compared by a contemporary

satirist to the royal hounds which gave tongue or were mute according as the king blew his horn, passed edicts denouncing the papal decrees in terms of unmeasured violence; the pope responded by a bull condemning the edicts to be publicly burnt; and the Parliaments suppressed the bull. In fine, the quarrel became so serious, that Louis found it expedient to convoke a General Assembly of the clergy, to consider the situation and recommend a solution.

To this Assembly Bossuet, who was still waiting for the bull of his institution to the see of Meaux to arrive from Rome, was elected representative for the province of Paris; and, as the most brilliant orator among the prelates, he was, in spite of his remonstrances, entrusted with the honorable but perplexing duty of preaching the inaugural sermon. This was his celebrated discourse on the unity of the Church, allowed even by the Ultramontanes to have been a masterpiece of oratory, flowing along like a mighty stream, and abounding in striking and beautiful imagery. Nor was it less adroit than eloquent. One feels that the preacher was throughout trimming and balancing, and threading his way amidst dangerous pitfalls, where a single false step might be fatal. Bossuet had looked forward with considerable anxiety to what might possibly be the issue of the Assembly. It was not beyond the limits of probability that, in the heat of the national irritation against Rome, the bishops of the court party, with the scandalous Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, at their head, might coalesce with the more respectable prelates who held extreme Gallican views, to push matters to a final rupture with the Holy See, and, following the Anglican precedent, declare the National Church independent. Such a result would have been intolerable to Bossuet, as a fatal breach of Catholicity. On the other hand, the home traditions in which he had been nurtured, and his personal devotion to his royal patron, precluded him from assenting to the surrender of any part of the prerogative claimed by Louis, or to the exchange of the constitutional government of the Gallican Church for the autocracy of the pope. The position was one of the most delicate. A policy of conciliation without yielding, of compromise without abatement of claims, was all that Bossuet could venture to suggest; and any real settlement on such lines was manifestly impracticable. So he discovered, after he had exhausted all the re-

sources of his eloquence to keep well with both the monarch and the pope. The Assembly, by a decree, surrendered the *régale* to the king, on condition only that his nominees to benefices having cure of souls should, as usual, apply to the ordinary for canonical institution before taking possession; and then, under the instigation of the court, it went on to define and declare the Gallican position, as against the claims of Rome. Bossuet foresaw the danger of this course, and would gladly have escaped being implicated in an act of open rebellion against the papacy; but the fates were too strong for him, and, to make matters as bad as possible, his was the pen to which it fell to reduce to form the famous four articles, which were like a blow delivered full in the pope's face. By these it was solemnly affirmed, that the pope had no jurisdiction whatever in things temporal and civil; was himself subject to the decisions of oecumenical councils; was limited in the exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction by the ancient canons; and needed confirmation of his decrees by the assent and acceptance of the Church, before they were entitled to be considered irreversible. These articles, having been unanimously subscribed by the Assembly, were registered by the Parliament, and ordered by a royal edict to be taught in all the colleges, and signed by every professor of theology.

Innocent was of course furious at this defiance, declared the whole acts of the Assembly invalid, and transmitted the quarrel to his successors; through whose persistent refusal to give bulls of institution to the prelates nominated by the crown to French bishoprics as they fell vacant, thirty-seven sees, nearly a third of of the whole number, were left destitute of spiritually qualified chief pastors. Political circumstances at last brought the antagonists to a compromise, though in a manner in which there was a considerable loss of dignity on both sides. Negotiations were opened with Innocent XII., the next successor but one to the pope with whom the feud had originated; and it was agreed that such of the bishops-designate as had sat in the Assembly and subscribed its decrees should sign, and the pope should accept as a satisfactory act of submission, a letter humbly disavowing all that had been enacted and declared by the Assembly. The equivocal character of the expedient was evident on the face of it; for the letter committed none but those who actually subscribed

their names to it, and left the case between France and Rome precisely where it had been. Bossuet, with three other prelates, was commissioned to draft the letter of submission, and to manage that its language should combine the greatest amount of satisfaction to the pope with the smallest amount of real concession; and, with all his devotion to Louis, the labor must have been a bitter one to his heart. Certainly, after allowing as much as possible for the pressure of circumstances, it still seems strange that the hand which drew up the articles, and afterwards composed the elaborate "Defence" of them, should have endorsed with approval a letter to the pope couched in the following abject terms:—

Prostrate at the feet of your Blessedness, we profess and declare that we profoundly, inexpressibly, and from the bottom of our hearts, lament the things done in the Assembly, which have been so extremely displeasing to your Holiness and your predecessors. Whatsoever the said Assembly may be supposed to have decreed contrary to the ecclesiastical power and the pontifical authority we hold as not decreed, and declare that it ought not to be held as decreed. Moreover, we hold as not determined whatsoever may appear to have been determined to the prejudice of the rights of churches. It was never our intention to form any decisions which could in any way prejudice the said churches. In sum, as a pledge of our profound submission and the perfect reverence with which we regard your Holiness, we undertake to do our utmost henceforth so to shape our conduct that, until our latest breath, we shall joyfully render due obedience to your Holiness, and zealously defend the rights of the churches as much as can possibly be desired. On receipt of this letter, we hope and very humbly pray that your Holiness, of your great kindness, will receive us into favor, and condescend to place us at the head of the churches to which our very Christian King has been so good as to nominate us.

It is curious that the bitterer grew the quarrel between France and Rome, the more fiercely burnt the zeal of the court, the clergy, and the Parliaments, to extirpate Protestantism from the kingdom. "If we refuse to put our necks under the pope's foot," they seemed to say with one voice, "at least the whole world shall see that we are the best of Catholics." Three methods of conversion were sedulously employed; argument, bribery, and violence. Where the first failed, the second came to its aid with considerable success. A regular "conversion fund" was formed out of the spoils of the *régale*, and placed under the administration of an eminent convert, Pélisson Fontanier, who under-

took to organize the traffic in souls. "M. Pélisson," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "works wonders; he may not be so learned as M. Bossuet, but he is more persuasive." Behind these measures, Louis had in reserve his own booted and spurred missionaries, who were quartered on recusant districts, and exhausted all the resources of rapine, outrage, and torture, to drive the wandering sheep into the true fold of salvation. In 1685, the final stroke was dealt by the formal revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which for eighty-seven years had been the charter of civil and religious liberty for the Huguenot population of France.

In the more respectable labors of this deplorable crusade Bossuet had an important share. To stamp out the Protestant schism, and reunite the sects to the Catholic Church, had been the dream of his life, ever since his early days at Metz, then one of the chief centres in France of the Reformed doctrine. To promote the realization of this dream he labored incessantly, by controversial publications and conferences, by correspondence with eminent sectaries, and sometimes by more questionable expedients; such, for instance, as invoking the royal prerogative to force Catholic professors on the Protestant seminaries, and to banish Protestant places of worship to the outskirts of the large towns. His short treatise, "An Exposition of the Catholic Faith upon Controversial Points," first published in 1671, had been composed several years before for the benefit of Marshal Turenne, whose conversion it achieved; and in manuscript form it had enjoyed a considerable circulation, and recovered many to the obedience of Rome. Of this exposition the tone was singularly moderate and persuasive. Its object was to show that "many of the Protestant objections disappear altogether, as soon as the Catholic doctrines are really understood, and that even such as seem to Protestants to be not wholly removed sink into insignificance, and cannot affect the foundations of the faith." So anxious was Bossuet in this treatise to smooth the path of conversion, that the Protestants had plausible ground for charging him with having unduly pared down the Catholic tenets, to render them the more easy to be swallowed by the ignorant; an accusation to which Bossuet replied by saying "that the least thing which could be granted to a bishop was that he knew his own religion, and spoke without disguise in a matter in which dissimulation would be a

crime." The little work was translated into many languages, among others into English; and there is an historical interest in the anecdote that it was much valued by our James II., and was the book for the loss of which, in his flight after the battle of the Boyne, he hastened to express his lively regret when Bossuet was first introduced to him at St. Germain. Very different was the spirit of Bossuet's greatest controversial work, the celebrated "Variations of the Protestant Churches," the publication of which followed by a couple of years the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of this the professed object was to set in the strongest light "the internal disputes and perplexities of the new Reform, that amidst them Catholic-truth might shine forth like a bright sun piercing the clouds." Here Bossuet was, to use Mr. Hallam's phrase, "the eagle of Meaux, lordly of form, fierce of eye, and terrible in his beak and claws," bent not on conciliating, but on crushing his opponents. The effect was immense, and for several years Bossuet was deeply engaged in replying to the attacks made on the book. M. Réaume's account of the storm that arose is amusing enough to be worth quoting:—

When this mirror [he writes] was put before the eyes of the reformed, instead of hiding their faces, daubed with a hundred stains, they uttered a long howl of anger, and cried out for vengeance. Three Philistines, Jurieu, Basnage, and Burnet, threw themselves on the path of this David of the sacred tribe, armed, not with slings and smooth pebbles, but with those weapons of which heresy is much too fond—declamation, falsehood, and invective. . . . Bossuet, tranquilly seated amidst the glittering lights of truth, remained perfect master of himself, and went straight to his mark, without troubling himself about the abuse showered upon him, which, in his own words, is a crown for a Christian and a bishop.

The exact degree in which Bossuet was responsible for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes has been disputed among his biographers. Whether or not he officially advised it, we know from his own lips that it received his enthusiastic approbation. If it be asked, how a measure so utterly unchristian, inflicting such infamous cruelty, and so fatal in its consequences to the welfare of France, could have been rejoiced in by such a man, who certainly was no hard-hearted bigot, the only answer is the one suggested by his biographer, Cardinal de Bausset. "If Louis XIV.," he writes, "was mistaken in his policy, the mistake was shared by all his

ministers, by all the great men of his age, and by all the public bodies of his kingdom. The error was the error of the whole of France." To us, indeed, the intense bitterness felt by the French Catholics towards their Protestant fellow-subjects, not merely in seasons of special excitement, but habitually, seems almost incomprehensible; but to overlook its existence is impossible. The story of it, as Sir James Stephen writes, pervades every era of the French annals, and assumes every conceivable form of cruelty and injustice. How little even a hundred years' experience of the sad results of Louis's policy did to discredit it, was evinced by a remarkable incident in the Parliament of Paris, just before the convocation of the States-General which inaugurated the Revolution. When it was proposed to register a decree, so far modifying the rigor of that policy as to allow the Protestants a civil registration of their births, deaths, and marriages, D'Estréménil, one of the leaders of the Catholic party, stretching out his hands towards the crucifix at the end of the chamber, exclaimed with passionate indignation, "What! would you crucify him a second time?"* Yet even with this extenuating plea in our recollection, it is difficult to repress a feeling of disgust at Bossuet's extravagant jubilation over a measure, which was nothing less than an enormous crime committed against a million of the most upright and industrious of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians. The aged chancellor, Le Tellier, was on his death-bed when he affixed the great seal to the fatal edict, and five days afterwards he expired, with his *Nunc Dimittis* on his lips, in thankfulness for having been spared to see the accomplishment of his dearest wish. Bossuet preached the funeral oration, and was not ashamed to deliver himself of the following strange rhapsody, in servile adulation of a monarch whose brazen adulteries had scarcely ceased to be the scandal of Christendom:

Our fathers never saw, as we have, an inveterate heresy fall at a stroke: the deluded flocks returning in crowds, and our churches too small to receive them; their false pastors abandoning them, without even waiting to be ordered off, glad to pretend that they were banished; perfect calmness maintained in the midst of so vast a movement; the world amazed at perceiving in so novel an event the most decisive as well as the noblest exercise of authority, and the merits of the sovereign more

* Droz, Histoire du règne de Louis XVI., liv. vi.

recognized and revered than even his authority. Touched by so many marvels, let our hearts overflow to the piety of Louis. Let us raise our acclamations to the skies; to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, let us say what the six hundred and thirty Fathers said of old in the Council of Chalcedon,—You have confirmed the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; this is the worthy achievement of your reign, this its peculiar character. Through you heresy exists no more; God alone could have wrought this wonder. King of Heaven, preserve this King of the Earth! this is the prayer of the Churches, this is the prayer of the bishops.

No sooner had Bossuet disentangled himself from the controversies with the Protestants, provoked by his "Variations," than he found himself involved in the affair of Quietism, which soon resolved itself into a duel *à outrance* between himself and Fénelon. It was a spectacle, writes M. Réaume, which for three years engrossed the attention of the whole of Europe. Two geniuses of the highest order met in the lists; the spectators were all the noblest intelligences that adorned the close of the seventeenth century. From the banks of the Seine to the famous shores of the Tiber the strife resounded; the wisest heads in the Eternal City pleaded, some on one side, some on the other, and from the height of St. Peter's chair the supreme pontiff, the infallible judge of truth, closed these long debates by a solemn and irreversible judgment. At this way of describing the pope's action the historic Muse, hardened though she is by long experience, must surely have blushed. In pronouncing the condemnation of Fénelon, Innocent XII. was scarcely a freer agent than his successor was, a few years later, in issuing the famous bull, *Unigenitus*, which denounced as heretical one hundred and one propositions extracted from Quesnel's New Testament. "Why such a queer lot?" enquired the French envoy afterwards in a confidential conversation. "O, M. Amelot, M. Amelot," cried the unhappy pope, seizing his arm, and bursting into tears, "what would you have had me do? I strove hard to curtail the list, but Father le Tellier had pledged himself to the king that the book contained more than a hundred errors, and, with his foot on my throat, he compelled me to prove him right. I have condemned only one more."* It was a pressure of the same illegitimate kind that extorted from the

reluctant Innocent the condemnation of Fénelon's little book, "The Maxims of the Saints." From the first Louis, instigated by Madame de Maintenon and Bossuet, determined to crush Fénelon: while the Jesuits took the opposite part at Rome, and exerted all their underhand influence to hinder the papal court from taking definite action in the matter. On both sides intrigues thickened: from complaints and remonstrances Louis went on to menaces, and at last the pope yielded so far as to condemn twenty-three propositions of the book, in the milder form of such decisions, omitting to declare them heretical, or to sentence the book to the flames.

Thus Bossuet came out of the contest triumphant, but in the opinion of impartial judges, even at that time, not without some loss of character. He had shown himself not only bitter, but unscrupulous; and it was difficult to avoid seeing in his conduct traces of mortification that the younger man, who had once sat at his feet, should have been promoted over his head to an archbishopric, and of alarm lest his own ecclesiastical dictatorship should be imperilled. A still less favorable verdict is forced upon us now by the details, since brought to light, of those deplorable transactions. The worst side of Bossuet's character, of which we might otherwise have been ignorant, was drawn out by the strife. With greedy credulity he swallowed the ridiculous charge trumped up against the morals of Madame Guyon, whose mystical writings had been the origin of the whole debate, and who, with all her flighty pietism, was a person of rare devoutness and spirituality. It was at Bossuet's urgency that this well-born and delicate woman was seized and incarcerated at Vincennes; and no sooner had information of her arrest been sent to him by Madame de Maintenon, than he wrote back to say how overjoyed he was at the news. Afterwards, when the ill-used lady was piteously complaining from her cell in the Bastille, "Je n'ai ni chemises, ni mouchoirs, ni jupe, ni corset," Bossuet was writing to his friends, "What is best of all is that she is still kept fast in prison." About Fénelon his language, both public and private, was in the highest degree unseemly. To the king's private ear he denounced him as a fanatic. In his publications he compared him to the notoriously unorthodox Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais in the fourth century; called him a second Molinos, the mystic whose writings had been already condemned by

* Mémoires de Saint-Simon, vol. xiii., p. 191.

Rome; and sneered at him with the still darker insinuation, that in him a new Priscilla had found a new Montanus to take her part. In his letters he accused him of extreme impudence, gross artifice, hypocrisy, hardness in lying, and described him as a "méchant esprit," harboring wicked designs and disseminating falsities so grievous, that the whole of religion was in danger. Even Rome, with all its experience of theological hatreds, was scandalized by the lengths to which the French court, under Bossuet's influence, carried its animosity against Fénelon. "They have driven away his nephew, they have driven away his friends," exclaimed the pope: "No wrath like a woman's," added an Italian prelate, with reference to Madame Maintenon's unscrupulous partisanship. Throughout the appeal to the pope, Bossuet's rascally nephew was his agent at Rome, and the letters which passed between them were better suited to the back stairs of diplomacy than to the sacred altars of the Church. Their character may be inferred from the fact, that to ensure secrecy in case of their falling into wrong hands, besides the use of cipher, a set of pseudonyms was adopted for the chief personages mentioned. Thus, the pope was Homer, Louis was Caraffa, Fénelon was Joseph, Madame de Maintenon was *Le Docte*, Madame Guyon Priscilla. On the whole, less cannot be said than that the picture of intrigue and passion which this voluminous correspondence presents is far from edifying.

Some excuse may perhaps be found for Bossuet's persistent animosity, in the circumstance that the logical and scholastic turn of his mind rendered him incapable of doing full justice to such delicate questions of the inner life as those on which the controversy turned. His treatment of religion was from the outside, theological and not experimental, and he found himself unable to reduce within his definitions and dialectics the emotions of souls "inebriated with God." What Voltaire ironically called "the pious chimera of loving God for himself" did not commend itself to Bossuet's robust common sense. The Quietists complained that he was both ignorant of the mystical writers whom the Church had approved, and destitute of any personal experience of the sentiments of which they treated. They turned against him the smart repartee by which a cardinal once silenced a forward young disputant: "Go away and practise prayer for twenty

years, and then come back and discuss it." Yet on the whole we deem Bossuet to have been substantially in the right. The doctrine of "pure love," on which the controversy mainly hung, with its apparent consequences, such as the total extinction of desire, the abolition of acts of prayer, and a contented acquiescence even in one's own eternal perdition, should God please to decree it, was too refined for common use. As Bossuet observed, it mistook earth for heaven, and exile for home. At any rate, he dryly added, it was a mystery unknown to Christ. To such a mind as Fénelon's there might be no danger in extolling that "holy indifference" of which his book was the panegyric, and contemplating it as the goal of the spiritual life, the highest step in our pilgrimage heavenwards; but with the multitude the conception lent itself too readily to monstrous abuse. With sober people it provoked a repetition of Madame de Sévigné's witticism when the Jansenist controversy about grace was at its height: "Please thicken religion a little for me; it is growing so thin that it will soon evaporate altogether." Among the profane wittings it was the theme of a thousand squibs and parodies, not always of too decent a character. A single specimen may be given, which is taken from some verses entitled, "The Paternoster as read backwards by the Quietists." Instead of "Thy kingdom come," the devotee says, "Thy kingdom has attractions for selfish souls, but ours are free from so base a motive; if it comes, we shall be pleased, but God forbid that we should wish for it." In place of the petition for daily bread: "Lord, our daily bread can only be thy free gift: give it me, I accept it; withhold it, I do without it; with it or without it I am equally satisfied." It is true that against such perversions Fénelon guarded his doctrine of "holy indifference" by saying, that so long as desire and prayer are wholly in and for God, and have no taint of self-interest, they are not incompatible with "pure love;" but the distinction is too subtle to be effectual. And therefore we are of opinion that, though Bossuet's weapons in this controversy were not always legitimate, he was from a theological point of view more in the right than his antagonist. Morally, however, we should invert their positions, and endorse the neat saying attributed, probably with justice, to the pope: "M. de Cambrai has erred through excess of love for God: M. de Meaux has sinned through defect of love to his neighbor."

After the papal brief had terminated the affair of Quietism, Bossuet had still five busy years to live. Amidst breaking health and growing infirmity he labored on heroically in his self-imposed office of watchman of the Church, always on the alert to stamp out the first sparks of error, and crush the earliest movements towards freedom. The amount of work he got through is simply amazing. Every innovator fell under his lash. His own theological system was like a bed of Procrustes, on which he ruthlessly stretched every dissident. With his right hand he smote "relaxed morality," *i.e.*, the Jesuits; with his left, more gently, their inveterate opponents the Jansenists. Against the ingenious and irrepressible Richard Simon, who deserves as much as any one to be styled the father of rationalistic criticism, he poured forth floods of patristic learning. Now it was the Ultramontanes, now the Protestants, against whom his bolts were launched. Repression was his universal nostrum for all disorders and irregularities; by screwing down the safety-valves he hoped to ward off explosions and keep the machine in sound working order. As his life drew to a close amidst these labors, it presents one painful feature which can scarcely be overlooked. His desire to obtain from the king the reversion of the see of Meaux for his unworthy nephew reduced him to the humiliation of hanging about the court, when he could hardly drag himself along, and enduring cold rebuffs now that he was not likely to be of further use. He even went so far as to place his resignation in the king's hands, in the hope of the immediate appointment of the disreputable fellow as his successor. Of the weakness thus betrayed he was not himself unconscious. Once when taking leave of a convent he begged the prayers of the superior. "What shall I pray for?" she asked. "That I may have no complaisance for the world," was the pathetic reply. A few hours before he expired, when his secretary was reminding him of the friends to whom his glory was precious, the dying bishop interrupted him with the rebuke, "Cease this talk; let us beg pardon of God for our sins." These were almost his last words, and they fitly closed a life of incessant activity and conflict.

Bossuet's fame rests chiefly on his eminence in the characters of orator, controversialist, and ecclesiastical statesman; and under these aspects we must now endeavor to take his measure.

Viewing him as an orator, our thoughts naturally fix at once on his celebrated funeral orations. Common as this kind of eloquence has been in all ages, in his hands it assumed a form which he may not only be said to have created, but in which he had neither rival nor successor. Yet he himself, we are assured, did not feel at ease in it; the necessary limitations hampered the flights of his genius. His really successful efforts in this line are few; at the outside half a dozen, perhaps more accurately not above three. Nor ought this to surprise us. His inspiration was drawn from a single topic, which in the nature of things could not often occur, and which soon lost its impressiveness by repetition. It was the tragedy of human grandeur, suddenly dashed into annihilation by the stroke of death, that inspired him; the overwhelming sense of the greatness, yet nothingness, of the glory of the world. In the presence of this spectacle his imagination was fired, his language grew sublime. There is truth as well as magniloquence in M. Poujoulat's description of the great orator in this function, as the minister of eternity, casting at the feet of God the dust of human grandeur—dust which he stirs with a terrible satisfaction, and compelling us to feel, as he leans on some illustrious tomb, how little is left when death has passed by, and power, glory, genius, and beauty, have fallen with sudden crash into the yawning gulf. Yet, reading these renowned orations in cold blood, one cannot escape a sense of disappointment. It is not merely that we miss the sonorous and flexible voice, the flashing eye and impassioned gesture, that once gave them life; that is a loss common to all recorded oratory. Nor is it only that to us they are stripped bare of the gorgeous setting to which they were skilfully adapted; the glittering audience of nobles and courtiers, and queens of wit and beauty, who rustled in their bravery round the pulpit, as they were wont to crowd before the stage, for the stimulus of a new sensation. There is a ring of unreality, a smell of the theatre, about them; we are too conscious of the rhetoric and the artifice. No doubt, the diction is always lofty; it rushes along with a sustained impetuosity, and never drags on the ground. It has the sounding roll of the Latin, which to Bossuet was as familiar as his mother tongue. But the substance is often mean, the sentiment exaggerated or false. Perhaps the grandest passage that could be selected for illustration is the exordium of the ora-

tion on Queen Henrietta, from the starting text, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Yet when one has been stirred to expect the tones of an Elijah, enforcing righteousness on the haughty occupants of thrones, how flat falls the moral which Bossuet sets himself to draw out, — the deplorable consequences of separating from the Church of Rome! What a contrast to Cromwell's silent but terrible use of the same text, when he inscribed it round a flaming sword on the medal commemorating the execution of the ill-fated Charles! Even the pathos of the orations is often faulty, although in his own case Bossuet could strike the true note with an exquisite touch, as is shown by the conclusion of his oration on the great Condé, the last he delivered. Addressing the departed hero, he exclaimed: —

Accept this last effort of a voice which was familiar to you. You will bring all these discourses to a close. Instead of bewailing the death of others, henceforth, O great Prince, I wish to learn from you how to make my own death holy. Happy if, warned by these white hairs of the account which I must soon render of my stewardship, I now reserve for the flock, which I am bound to feed with the word of life, the remnants of a voice which fails and of a warmth which is ebbing away.

How different from this, how forced and unreal, is the celebrated apostrophe to the daughter of Queen Henrietta, actually present at the oration in her splendor as a princess of France, when the orator had occasion to remind the audience of her birth in the beleaguered city of Exeter, where her mother had taken refuge on parting from the king! —

Princess [he exclaimed, turning towards her], whose destiny is so great and glorious, was it necessary that you should have been born in the power of the enemies of your house? O eternal God, watch over her! Holy angels, marshal around her your invisible squadrons; keep guard about the cradle of a princess so lofty and so forlorn!

To speak the honest truth, in spite of the grand style, the brilliant imagery, and the fervid declamation of these famous performances, one wearies of them, and is continually stumbling over passages which are so exaggerated and artificial as to suggest suspicions of the orator's entire sincerity. We are asked, for instance, to believe that the sole purpose of heaven in the overthrow of the English monarchy was to extricate the infant princess from the bonds of schism and the laws which opposed her salvation; and again that,

when the royal house was re-established, it was because God deemed the time had come to reward the prayers and patience of the exiled queen. "When the hour marked by God had arrived," exclaimed the orator in a pious transport, "he took the second Charles by the hand to lead him to his throne." Of this sort of thing there is much more than we can quote; but something worse is to be found in the oration on the Prince of Condé, when, to show how greatly worldly glory is enhanced by its union with fidelity to Catholic Christianity, Bossuet goes out of his way to consign to eternal perdition all the great men of heathen antiquity, not denying their glory, but declaring that it was given to them by God for the express purpose of more effectually confounding them: —

So many sages [he exclaims], so many conquerors, so many grave legislators, so many excellent citizens, a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Scipio, a Caesar, an Alexander, all bereft of the knowledge of God, and shut out of His eternal kingdom. To confound them, did God refuse the glory of this world to their vain desires? No. He confounds them the better by giving it to them, even in a measure beyond their hopes. But, though He grudged them not the glory which they sought, He none the less punishes their pride in hell.

After the glare of the orations it is a relief to turn to the sermons, where Bossuet is still the rhetorician, but with more of freedom and nature. The story of the vicissitudes through which these productions have passed is a curious one. His more common habit was not to write his discourses in full and preach them from memory, as Bourdaloue and Massillon did, but to make outlines and notes, to be filled up in the heat of delivery. Special parts would be fully composed; sometimes in a broad margin he would write alternative passages and phrases, leaving the choice to be made as he felt the pulse of the audience. These manuscripts, from the first far from smooth and orderly, were cut about, embroiled, and confused in all possible ways by subsequent use. Erasures, additions, modifications, were introduced; old discourses were manufactured into new ones by re-heading and re-tailing. The enormous mass of papers thus produced during half a century of uninterrupted predication would have severely tasked an editor's skill, even had it come into his hands complete; but a worse fate was in store for it. It fell into the possession of the same nephew of whom mention has already been made, called by

De Maistre "the little nephew of a great uncle," and more savagely pilloried by Lamartine as "a slender intellect, a vulgar soul, a malignant heart, a character depraved by servility;" and by him, who was an epicure by nature, and a bishop by a court intrigue under the Regency, the precious papers used to be bartered away for dinner invitations. In this and other ways the treasure was scattered, mutilated, and wasted. It was not till seventy years after Bossuet's death, that an attempt was made to discover and collect for publication as much as survived, and sufficient was found to fill five volumes. But misfortune still awaited it. The editing was done by the Abbé Déforis at first, and after by the Abbé Maury, both Benedictines, who unhappily took a very erroneous view of their function. Esteeming it their duty to produce out of the confusion so many connected and complete discourses, in language conformed to the style of their day, with a free hand they hewed and slashed, combined and separated, amplified, curtailed, and corrected, till the result was certainly such as Bossuet never could have preached. It was reserved for M. Lachat to restore the true text nearly a century later, and at the head of his edition it is amusing to read the bitter accusation hurled at his predecessors:—

After Bossuet had been outraged in his doctrine as a bishop, in his faith as a Christian, and in his correspondence as a man, it only remained to degrade his reputation as an orator; and one is stupefied by the insipid commentaries, alterations, and additions, beneath which the true text of his sermons has been submerged.

Probably in this edition we have as veracious a representation of the great preacher's manner as it will ever be possible to obtain: the only thing wanting is an arrangement of the sermons by dates instead of by subjects, to enable us to observe the progress and ripening of his thought and style. Taken as a whole, they assuredly produce a very favorable impression of his copiousness and force, and justify the appellation of the "Cornille of the pulpit." Whether expounding, exhorting, or warning, it is always in the grand manner, abounding in lively figures and sudden bursts, and flowing on with a torrent-like impetuosity. One sees what Madame de Sévigné meant when she said, "Bossuet grapples in deadly earnest with his audience; all his sermons are moral combats." For the most part theology, rather than morality or con-

duct, furnished his topics; his discourses were instructions in faith oftener than in practice. To expound, embellish, and drive home by the weight of authority into his hearers' minds the accredited dogmas of the Church, was the end to which his pulpit exercises were mainly devoted. His range, broad as it was, embraced little of the heights and the depths; he was no thinker of aspiring thoughts, no interpreter of the inarticulate secrets of the soul. We are always conscious of the rhetorician; the form impresses us more than the substance; what vitality the sermons still possess breathes chiefly in the style. So far as a few brief extracts in a translation can show this, we offer the following for illustration.

Here is a lively exordium from a sermon addressed to a community of Franciscan friars on their founder's *fête*. It is typical as exhibiting the preacher's skill in arousing curiosity:—

What think you, reverend fathers, that I intend to do to-day in this sacred pulpit? You have assembled your friends and noble patrons to do honor to your sainted patriarch, and I purpose nothing else than to make him out a madman. I mean to recount only his follies; such is the eulogium I destine for him, the panegyric I prepare. Vouchsafe me, O Divine Spirit, not refined ideas nor connected reasoning, but holy flightiness and wise extravagance.

Our next extract is from a panegyric on St. Paul, and treats of the Apostle's resolve to use no enticing words of human wisdom in his preaching of the cross:—

But how can he hope that his hearers will be persuaded? O mighty Paul, if the doctrine which you declare is so strange and repulsive, seek at least polished expressions for it, cover with the flowers of rhetoric this hideous face of your gospel, and soften its austerity by the charms of your eloquence! God forbid! replies the great man, that I should mingle human wisdom with the wisdom of the Son of God. It is my Master's pleasure that my word should not be less rude than my doctrine appears to be incredible. But, my brethren, let us not blush for him. The speech of the Apostle is simple, but his thoughts are altogether divine. If he is ignorant of rhetoric and contemns philosophy, Jesus Christ is to him in the place of all; that name of His which is always on his lips, those mysteries of His which he handles so divinely, will render his simplicity all-powerful. He will go,—this man ignorant of oratory, with his rude discourse and foreign accent,—he will go into polished Greece, the mother of philosophers and orators; and, in spite of the world's opposition, he will establish there more churches than Plato gained disciples by the eloquence which was esteemed divine. He will preach

Jesus at Athens, and the most learned of its senators will pass from the Areopagus to the school of this barbarian. He will push his conquests still further: he will abase at the Saviour's feet the majesty of the Roman fasces in the person of a Proconsul, and will cause the judges before whom he is arraigned to tremble on their judgment seats. Even Rome will hear his voice; and the day will come when that imperial city will esteem itself more honored by a letter from the pen of Paul addressed to its citizens, than by all the famous harangues which it ever heard from its own Cicero.

To the dramatic mode of presentation, found at the beginning of this fine piece of declamation, Bossuet was greatly addicted when he was making a climax. It appears in both of the extracts with which our illustrations will be concluded, and which, like the last quoted, have been picked out by his admirers as apt specimens of the grandeur of his style. The first occurs in a sermon on the final resurrection; and the reader learned in Bossuet's great master, St. Augustine, will detect in it a reminiscence of that father's curious use of the texts *—"Not a hair of your head shall perish," and "The very hairs of your head are all numbered"—the one to prove that every atom of the mortal body must be re-incorporated in the risen body, even to all the clippings of the nails and the hair during the whole life; the other to justify the idea that of these re-collected particles not more than is compatible with comeliness need be restored in the original form, the remainder, through the mutability of matter, re-appearing as flesh:—

God having put his sovereign hand on our bodies, I am bold to declare, O Flesh! that in whatsoever part of the Universe corruption may have cast and concealed thee, thou wilt always remain under the hand of God. And thou, O Earth, mother and grave of all mortals, in whatsoever sombre retreat thou mayst have swallowed up, dispersed, and hidden away our bodies, thou shalt give them back complete. Sooner should heaven and earth sink into ruin than one of our hairs perish. Because God is the master of them, no force can hinder him from perfecting in them his work.

The rhetorician is no less apparent in our remaining extract, though here the touch is somewhat more delicate. It is taken from a sermon on the "sadness of God's children:—"

Domains, possessions, splendid mansions, and noble palaces, why should you detain me?

Ere long you will crumble into atoms, or even if you continue, I shall be no more, to possess you. I pass on, I quit you, I depart, I have no leisure to stay. And you, pleasures, honors, dignities, to what purpose do you display your deceitful charms? In vain you demand of me a few moments more—this remnant of youth and vigor. No! No! I am in haste, I am setting out, I depart. You are nothing to me any longer. But whither are you going? I have told you: I am going to my Father!

From the orator we pass to the controversialist; and as enough has already been said of the dispute with Fénelon, we shall now consider Bossuet only as the great life-long antagonist of Protestantism. His writings in this controversy are voluminous, and from beginning to end they exhibit all those qualities which make a disputant formidable—transparent lucidity of statement and masterly neatness of arrangement, quickness of eye for every weak point, dexterous use of each forced admission, remorseless logic in drawing out the consequences of a principle, bewildering rapidity of attack, scathing sarcasm, and crushing disdain. Unfair, and guilty even of gross misrepresentation, he often was, and could not help being, but probably not with intention, perhaps not with consciousness: the necessity arose from his mental idiosyncrasy, which made him incapable of appreciating the case of his opponents, or doing justice to their motives. To stand in the old paths, to walk in the narrow groove of tradition, to bear the yoke of authority with unquestioning docility, was his law of duty, his ideal of perfection, to depart from which was to be a fool and a reprobate. Intellectual courage had no place in his list of virtues; there was not a particle of it in his own constitution, and when it encountered him in others, it wore the visage of revolting arrogance and rebellious self-will. With the spectacle of an heroic soul, agonizing in long inward conflict till the secret of peace was mastered, and then in a white heat of indignation rending asunder the enslaving bonds, and with indomitable manfulness, though with many a blunder and inconsistency, bearing aloft the banner of newly won freedom, and leading on the nations towards emancipation and light—with such a spectacle Bossuet had no sympathy; to him it appeared simply monstrous, an incarnation of the temper of Lucifer, a rehearsal of the apostasy of the Antichrist. For such a mind to comprehend the leaders of the Reformation, and form a just appreciation

* De Civ., lib. xxii., cap. 19.

of their work, was an intellectual impossibility.

Strong as Bossuet was as a controversialist, his attempt to carry the Protestant position by storm proved an entire failure. Individual conversions here and there rewarded his efforts, but on the Reformed defences he left no real mark. Like the arrows of Lilliput, his weapons could tease and irritate, but the wounds inflicted by them were only skin-deep punctures. When we examine his polemic, we can be at no loss to account for its impotence. It is shallow, and never goes to the root of the matter. It reposes on undemonstrable assumptions, and it is shattered against the facts of history. It may be all summed up in these few sentences:—

From the beginning of Christianity there has always existed one continuous, immortal institution, with which Christ's presence is inseparably associated; and this is the Catholic Church, of which the see of Rome is the divinely appointed centre of unity and of supreme jurisdiction. This Church has never changed; what it teaches to-day it taught yesterday, and has always taught from the first, without alteration, diminution, or addition. To fall into error is impossible for it; Christ's promise to it of his presence is a perfect guarantee of its infallibility. When men arise within it teaching anything new, to judge them is the easiest and simplest thing possible; if what they teach differs from the current doctrine, they are at once self-condemned. Ask Luther how he said mass before he pretended to be illuminated. He will tell you that he said it as others did, as the Church still says it, in the common faith of the whole Church. There is his condemnation pronounced by his own lips. If he thinks himself constrained to change what he found established, that is his crime and his outrage, which he pretends to call new light. Some visible speaking authority there always has been in the world, and always must be; and ever since the Ascension, such has been the Church, and the Church alone. What basis of faith is left to you, when you reject its absolute authority to prescribe your creed? If you reply that you must examine its decrees before you accept them, you fall into the intolerable absurdity of claiming for each private individual more reason, more grace, more light, more of the Spirit, than all the rest of the Church possesses. If you rely on the Bible, it is implicitly at the hands of the Church that you must receive it before you can be sure of its being the Word of

God at all. And what is the creed for which you have renounced the Church? You possess none; nobody knows what you believe; you do not know it yourselves. Your teachers differ from each other as much as from the Church, and are guilty of the grossest inconsistencies and self-contradictions; your confessions of faith change with every edition; you split up into hostile sections, and denounce each other as vehemently as you denounce the Church. Will some of you, as in England, who retain the episcopate, urge that they, at any rate, have only purged out corruptions, and have preserved the continuity of succession inviolate? The pretext is vain: the Church can never fall into corruptions; in departing from the faith of their predecessors, and the faith in which they themselves were nurtured, their pretended bishops have broken irremediably with the Church, and become aliens from the one body of Christ.

To all this dialectic, however superb its style, the retort is obvious. Who made the see of Rome, it may be asked, the necessary centre of unity, and clothed it with an inalienable supremacy? By what divine ordinance is the presence of Christ restricted to the communion over which it presides? How can the complete immunity from change, error, and corruption, claimed for this particular community, be reconciled with the notorious facts of history? By what valid argument can the alleged convenience of an infallible tribunal be turned into a proof that such a tribunal has really been instituted for the guidance of the world? If private judgment is incompetent to ascertain the authority of Scripture, and to test thereby the decrees of the Church, how can it be competent for the antecedent task, from which there is no escape, of deciding whether any Church, and if so which Church, is entitled to bind the conscience and impose a creed? What ground is there for holding that precise uniformity of belief and dogma is so necessary to Christianity, as to make variations and inconsistencies the marks of fatal schism and heresy? Until such questions as these are satisfactorily answered, Bossuet's declamatory polemic, with all its sweep and rush, must remain ineffectual. That he was himself honestly convinced of its validity we do not doubt, although there is something suspicious in his studious silence about the dissensions with which he was familiar in the bosom of his own Church, and also in his refusal to

credit the Protestants with the agreement in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which he well knew to underlie all their variations. Of the sincerity of his personal faith there is ample evidence in Le Dieu's records of his private life. His was not the sort of mind to feel doubts of the religion in which he had been brought up, and we have his own ripe assurance that he had never doubted. Only four years before his death, the conversation turning on the best method of dealing with free-thinkers, he told the following anecdote. "An unbeliever on his death-bed sent for me. 'Sir,' he said, 'I have always believed you to be a sincere man; here I am on the point of expiring; tell me frankly, what do you think of religion?' 'That it is certain,' I replied; 'I have never had the slightest doubt of it.'" And when the Protestant minister, Jurieu, after the too common fashion of controversialists, insinuated that his illustrious antagonist's zeal was but a comedy, and his faith ill-spoken of by members of his own Church, nothing could have had more of the genuine ring of truth than Bossuet's dignified reply:—

Does he think that when two persons are not of the same religion, or are writing against each other on this subject, they are absolved from the obligation, I will not say, of decency and good manners, but even of truth? Who are these members of my communion? For twenty years that I have been a bishop, however unworthy, and for thirty or five-and-thirty years that I have preached the Gospel, my faith has never incurred any reproach. I am in the communion and charity of the Pope, of all the bishops, priests, religious orders, reverend doctors, of everybody without exception; and never has any one heard from my lips or observed in my writings one ambiguous word, or one remark inconsistent with reverence for the sacred mysteries. If the minister knows any one who has, let him bring the person forward. If he does not, what right has he to invent at his pleasure?

We have finally to consider Bossuet as an ecclesiastical statesman; and what here will concern us is the attitude which throughout his life he maintained towards the king on the one hand, and the pope on the other. In this he was especially the creature of his environment. With the air he breathed he drew in three guiding principles,—the absolute power of the monarch, the general right of the national Church to manage its own internal affairs, and the necessity of communion with the chair of St. Peter as the centre of Catholic unity. To conciliate these

was the problem of his political action. Let us see how he managed it.

If he was the bishop after the king's heart, as has been said, Louis XIV. was no less the monarch after his heart. The *effrayante majesté* of the haughtiest ruler in Christendom realized his idea of the monarch as God's consecrated representative on earth, whose brows were wreathed with a theocratic radiance. It made no difference that Louis was a selfish egotist, steeped to the lips in sensuality: "in the royal character, even among heathens," wrote Bossuet in his "*Politique*," "a holiness is inherent which cannot be effaced by any crime." Nor did it matter that the government was arbitrary, wasteful, and tyrannical: "The prince," he again wrote, "is irresponsible to man; whatever his violence, his subjects owe him unlimited obedience." Louis's famous aphorism, "The State? I am the State," was a fixed article of his bishop's creed; "The entire State," he declared, "is in the prince; in him is contained the will of the whole people:" just as afterwards Louis XV., following the tradition of his house, bluntly told the Parliament, "The supreme power resides solely in my person; to me alone belongs the right of legislation, independently and undividedly." "Pile up," exclaims Bossuet, "everything great and august; behold a vast people concentrated in a single person; recognize this sacred, paternal, and absolute power; see the secret intelligence which governs the entire body of the State contained in a single head,—there you perceive the image of God, there you have the idea of the royal majesty. Yes, God himself has said, Ye are gods." Nor was the claim of absolute power for the monarch limited to secular affairs; Bossuet equally acquiesced when it was exercised in the domain of religion. He saw no wrong when Louis posed as "the bishop of the bishops," with a high hand suppressed Jansenism, proscribed Protestantism, threw the Quietist confessors into prison, absorbed the patronage of the Church and laid his hand on its revenues, ordered the bishops about as if they were mere servants of the crown, imposed his own will on the national synods, laid down the law for the pope, and even seized the papal territory to extort the bulls on which he had set his heart. To Bossuet's mind all these exercises of the prerogative were covered by the divinity that doth hedge a king. Perhaps it is even more remarkable that he did not himself scruple to invoke the most

odious use of the royal power to enforce his own extra-canonical injunctions. He quarrelled with the dean and other dignitaries of his cathedral, because like their predecessors for centuries they wore purple cassocks in the services, instead of the black ones worn by the ordinary canons; and finding himself unable by his episcopal authority to give effect to his own preference for black, he obtained from the crown a *lettre de cachet*, and armed with this dreaded authority to imprison or banish the recusants, he issued his prohibition, and brought the dignitaries to their knees!*

Such was his attitude towards the king; what was it towards the pope? This is defined by the famous four articles, which he himself drew up and elaborately defended as expressing the tradition of the Gallican Church, and which, say the Ultramontanes, clung to him like Dejanira's poisoned shirt to the end of his days. By these articles the pope was reduced to the position of constitutional president of a confederation of national Churches. His pretensions to interfere in temporal and civil matters, to depose kings for heresy, and release subjects from their allegiance, were explicitly rejected; he was pronounced subject to general councils, and limited in his administrative functions by the ancient canons; his personal infallibility, even when speaking *ex cathedra*, was denied, and his bulls and briefs were not allowed to be of binding authority, until they had been examined and approved by the Church. Appeals to him in ecclesiastical suits were only permissible after the provincial courts had passed sentence; and even then the jurisdiction conceded to him did not extend beyond the right to issue a commission to re-hear the suit on the spot, in the case of his being dissatisfied with the decision. Such, since the great quarrel between Philip the Fair and Pope Boniface VIII. at the end of the thirteenth century, had been the prevalent doctrine of the Church of France; not always indeed consistently enforced or even professed, but always ready to be revived, and used as a weapon of defence, in every collision between the pope and the realm. At the Council of Trent the especial mission of the French representatives was to urge the recognition of these "liberties" as they were called, and to obtain enactments to restrain the prerogatives claimed by the

pope, whose counter-intrigues were the occasion of the well-known sarcasm, that the Holy Spirit was despatched from Rome to Trent in the courier's bag. A contemporary anecdote is worth repeating as an illustration of the antagonism between the two parties. While one of the French bishops was hotly urging a measure which would curtail a profitable branch of the pope's prerogative, one of the Italian prelates sneeringly remarked, "This cock [*gallus*] crows too loud;" whereon another of the French bishops retorted, "Would that at the crowing of this cock Peter [the pope] would repent and weep bitterly!" Such then was the floating Gallican tradition which the four articles formally defined and declared, and on this tradition Bossuet took his stand. While prudently softening as much as he could the phraseology in which it was expressed, "to avoid wounding the sensitive ears of the Romans," as he himself acknowledged in a letter meant for the pope's eye, he maintained it dogmatically with all the resources of his learning, and grounded upon it his official attitude towards the papal see.

So far his position was a consistent one. When the authority of the pope had been thus pared down, room was left for any amount of ecclesiastical absolutism in the king. If the national Church chose to put its neck under the monarch's foot, that, on this theory, was its own business, not the pope's. Since, on the same theory, papal bulls did not run in the realm, and had no binding force unless the national Church accepted them, the monarch with the assent of his bishops might, without breach of Catholicity, set them at defiance and throw them into the fire. The pope, again, according to the theory, being destitute of any personal infallibility, Louis was not necessarily sacrilegious when he employed pressure, both moral and physical, to extort from Rome such decisions as suited his own policy; the pope, of course, having an equal right to resist, if he judged it expedient to pursue a different course. So far, then, there was no intrinsic contradiction in Bossuet's position. He might be accused of sacrificing the Church to the State, but not of going counter to his own view of the obedience due to the see of Rome.

As soon, however, as his third principle is taken into account, his position assumes a very different aspect. To the marrow he was a Catholic, according to his understanding of Catholicism; and that understanding involved a view of the papacy

* Histoire de l'Eglise de Meaux, Toussaints Duplessis, vol. I., p. 545.

which is radically inconsistent with his other principles. From the tradition of the Church he dared not recede; and that tradition assigned to the occupant of St. Peter's chair an impregnable foundation for the very autocracy against which Bossuet so vigorously protested. No Ultramontane theologian can affirm more strongly than he did the absolutely unique character of the papal see as the divinely ordained centre of Catholic unity, endowed with the supernatural prerogatives of indefectibility and supreme jurisdiction. But from the moment this is conceded, to assert the maxims of constitutional government is futile. Constitutional monarchies are the creation of the national will, and by the national will they can be modified and even abolished. But the admission of the absolute necessity of the papal see, and of its divine and inalienable right of supremacy, places it above the will of the Church. However Catholic Christendom may fret and fume under its despotism, the pope, like Marshal MacMahon, can say, "Here I am, and here I remain." Even the deposing power of general councils would be no effectual remedy: supposing that individual popes might be removed, the papacy itself cannot be dispensed with, and it has only to persist in asserting its autocracy, to force the Church at last into submission. This, then, was the inherent weakness of Bossuet's position, that it was inconsistent with itself, and illogical. It yielded to the pope so much, that it was bound to yield him more. Ultramontanism is coherent with itself, and so is Anglicanism; the one being the legitimate development of the great initial assumption, the other consistently denying that assumption altogether. But between Ultramontane servitude and Anglican independence the Gallican liberties were an illogical halting-place; they admitted the assumption, and refused its consequences. The hybrid system, to the support of which Bossuet devoted his statesmanship, has accordingly perished off the face of the earth; the brand of heresy has been stamped upon it by the Vatican, and within the entire obedience of Rome Ultramontanism has triumphed and reigns supreme.

In summing up now our examination of Bossuet's character and claims, we would for a moment place by his side his great contemporary Pascal, whose birth preceded Bossuet's by only four years. In popular repute the two names are justly

associated together, as twin glories of the Gallican Church of the seventeenth century; yet no two men of first-rate intellect, and of the same age, country, and faith, ever offered a more radical contrast. It was not merely in external circumstances or in professional vocation that the difference was rooted. It was not that to the one it was only given to live a short life of retirement and self-repression, weighed down by the disease which carried him off in his prime; while of the other the years were long and fruitful, spent in the glare of publicity, and crowded with affairs of more than national concern. Nor was it that the orthodoxy of the one received but grudging recognition, while the other was borne to his grave in universal honor, as the bulwark and oracle of his country's Church. Deeper still lay the difference, in the texture of the intellect itself, in the capacity and bent of the spiritual faculty. Time, which tries all things, has attested the fundamental character of the difference by this token, that of Pascal words survive which still speak with undiminished force to the hearts of all men: but of the voluminous works of Bossuet, mighty as they were in their day, no one now takes practical account, except, perhaps, to gather materials for history, or illustrations for a treatise on rhetoric.

To Bossuet's genius, then, we are unable to attribute that peculiar and highest quality which gives immortality to thought. But short of that, there can be no question of its eminent force and breadth within the limits of the affairs and contentions of his own generation. No scholar of his time possessed a profounder patristic learning, or was capable of wielding it in controversy with more crushing effect. No orator had at command a more superb and imposing rhetoric. No writer could sweep over and gather up a subject in a more lordly and trenchant style. Scarcely an exception need be taken to the splendid eulogium pronounced upon him, seven years after his death, by Massillon, when preaching the funeral sermon for the Dauphin, who had been Bossuet's pupil.

A man of vast and felicitous genius, and of that candor which always belongs to great souls and to minds of the highest rank; the ornament of the episcopate, of whom the clergy of France will to the end of time be proud; a bishop in the midst of the royal court; the possessor of every talent, and the master of all knowledge; the oracle of all the Churches, and the terror of all the sectaries; the Father of the seventeenth century, who lacked nothing but to have been born in the primitive age, to

have been the light of Councils and the soul of assembled Fathers; to have dictated canons, and presided at Nicæa and Ephesus.

True, we admit, yet not the whole truth. A later fellow-countryman, of keener critical insight than the French Chrysostom, has sketched Bossuet at a stroke, in a simile which supplies what is wanting to make the portrait completely faithful. "Bossuet," says Sainte-Beuve, "is like a majestic ship, careering under a cloud of canvas over the surface of the waters, but which the fiercest storms, though they plunge it down into the abysses, or toss it aloft to the skies, can never drive into any unexplored ocean, or enable to discover any new land." It was precisely this incapacity for seeing beyond the limits of familiar ideas and established beliefs, this invincible repugnance to novelty and development, this imperious and resolute immobility of thought, which has cost Bossuet the seat among the immortals fondly claimed for him by his admiring contemporaries. The horizon within which his intellect moved, with majestic step and eagle gaze, was but the narrow boundary circumscribing the doctrines and conceptions which authority had sanctioned and age had rendered venerable. Here was his entire world, and within it he ruled supreme. But beyond that horizon the universe was a blank to him. The ardor of research, the enthusiasm of progress, the reaching out of the unsatisfied soul towards mysteries that are felt rather than discerned, had no place in his mental constitution. His intellect had none of the spring, the restlessness, the hope, of youth. Invention, discovery, conquest of new realms of knowledge, had no allurements for him. He was born old, with eyes turned back to the past. Amidst the rising ferment of new ideas, and the early struggles of aspiring spirits to push back the frontiers of human knowledge, and open new vistas into the secrets of the universe, his chosen part was to stand immovable, defying innovation, sceptical of advance, acknowledging no guide but authority and tradition, satisfied, as Sismondi says, with the principle, "Yesterday such was the belief, hence to-day it must be the same." But if he stood haughtily self-centred, in superb disdain of every onward movement, the world has gone on its way and left him behind. Human intelligence, in its progress, has outwitted him; and the penalty, severe but inevitable, has been rigorously exacted. His word, once the oracle of a nation, has ceased to be a living force among men.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RUDE IDYL.

BY the time the names had been read for the third time, and the marriage of Sir William Thwaite celebrated, September and St. Partridge's day had arrived, which proved a boon to the newly married couple, and a reprieve from that repenting at leisure which is apt to follow marrying in haste. The Thwaites were as solitary as any boycotted household in the wilds of western Ireland, and no doubt considerably safer. The very household at Whitehills had shrunk in the blight of the alliance which its master had formed. Mrs. Cray had fled from the first unmistakable tokens of the advent of such a mistress. Mr. Cumberbatch, who knew a good place when he was in it, and had contracted a certain amount of attachment to Sir William, in spite of his water-drinking and the great difference between him and the dean, lingered on till he heard his mistress allude to him as an old humbug and blockhead, and was directly addressed by her with primitive playfulness as "White Choker" and "Shiny Boots." Freedom from control, much time to himself, and all sorts of perquisites could not atone for such gross liberties. So Cumberbatch departed also.

Bill Rogers, with considerable shyness and doubt as to his powers, was promoted to "wait" in the butler's place. Whatever blunders he committed, Sir William made no sign, and Lady Thwaite was satisfied. Bill did not care a straw about his own dignity, though Lady Thwaite would call him "Bill," as she called her husband "Will," and stop him in his duties to recall some story of their old experience, or to tell him news of their common acquaintances. But however led on or laughed at by her, he never would forget her title, or speak to her till she spoke to him, and he persisted in behaving to Sir William with double respect and deference.

Sir William, like Mr. Burchell, blurted out an equivalent for "fudge!" and turned away, half in restlessness, half in pain, but the young groom was staunch in maintaining his tender discretion and faithful devotion.

Those of the womankind who had not given in their "warnings" like a flock of

sheep, after Mrs. Cray's great example, turned out sufficient for the contracting needs of the household. Lady Thwaite did not take much notice of them or interfere with them, and while they made a great many remarks upon her, she inspired them with a mixture of wonder and awe, not altogether unlike what might have happened if she had been a great lady.

Lady Honor Thwaite's first impression of Whitehills, seen near at hand and familiarly, was slightly disparaging, as was that of her husband when he was introduced to it by Mr. Mills. Not even the library shook Lady Thwaite's conviction. It was not true that she could neither read nor write, as had been said at the time of her marriage; but though she could spell through a line of print, and sign her name in rustic letters, belles lettres had not the smallest attraction for her. "What a great musty, poky hole! What an 'orrid' smell the leather of them books have! Why don't you turn 'em all out, and find room for 'em in the garret, or kindle a bonfire 'neath 'em, Will? I'm certain nobody'll ever care to open them mouldy boards."

In the drawing-room, which the dowager Lady Thwaite had lately envied, which Lady Fermor had contemplated with pride as that little fool Iris's assured possession, and of which Iris herself had owned the simple, stately charm, there was still in the new Lady Thwaite's mind the same surprised contempt, not unmingled with exultation over those better things that the squire's wife had always enjoyed while she had been but the daughter of a disreputable keeper. "My sakes! it is the hemptiest, dingiest place I ever seed for a room in a great house. Is this what you call a fine drawing-room?" She pulled open the piano and banged the keys. "The birds in the scrub do a heap better than that without teaching or pay." She walked up to one of the Sir Joshuas: "What queer washed-out madam is that, with a muck-rake fit for a child in her hand? She looks haythenish — she ain't dressed for her work."

"Would you like some new stuff of furniture, Honor?" asked her husband, only the more willing to humor her, because she had come to him at his bidding as she stood. "You know there's a balance at the banker's for us to get rid of."

"Oh, speaking for myself, I ain't pertickler about furniture, as you can tell, lad; and what with the keep of father and the gifts you have insisted on sending to Ted and young Abe, we'll make a hole in

the balance. But I've been thinking if any of my friends, my mother's folk, as have heard I'm a squire's lady, would care to come over, I'd not like to put them off with a faded, shabby place like this here for a drawing-room. They would expect to see something tasty and bright and rich. A cart-load or two of satins and velvets all the colors of the rainbow, might make a difference," considered Honor reflectively. For such ideas as she had were sumptuous.

"All right," acquiesced Sir William. "Write down or tell me what you want, and I'll send the list to the first upholsterer in Birkett or Caversham."

"Better say Lon'on when you're at it, and the man in the shop he can tell, a deal cleverer than me, what's like to be wanted. You'll just say fine furniture of all kinds for a seedy drawing-room."

The roving order was given, and the transformation which Iris had once imagined as Sir William's doing, became an accomplished fact. The upholsterer, quick to take a hint, made a considerable clearance of the older-fashioned stupendous lacquer and gorgeousness, together with all the hideous fantasticalness and incongruity which were yet to be found in his shop. The fine, dainty old room at Whitehills became a brand new, more expensive, and meretricious copy of the drawing-room at Lambford. Sir William never put his foot in it if he could help it.

Lady Thwaite said this new state of things was more like the real article. But she did not really care for the grandeur she had evoked, and she could not put up with the trouble of inhabiting several rooms when one or at most two would serve her. She fell back on a dull morning-room which had been converted into a smoking-room, where she said she and Will might be tolerably snug when they were by themselves and happened to be in the house. Bill Rogers might bring them their meals there without any to-do when they wanted them.

At first Lady Thwaite changed her black gowns for something she held to be more in keeping with the station to which she had risen. Her choice of dress was not happier than her selection of furniture. Stuffs, patterns, dressmakers were all fixed upon at haphazard, on no conceivable principle except that notion of sumptuousness which she had not been able to indulge hitherto, and the scrap of fondness for "a high light" in a bit of brilliant color, which had already existed in Honor Smith's red, orange, and sky-blue necker-

chiefs. Imposed upon here also by the specious vendors of the wares, with her gaudy finery ill put on, and so badly treated that she never wore a gown three days without looking a full-blown slattern as well as an outrageous vulgarian, Lady Thwaite's dress offended even her husband's half-dormant taste and eye. Fortunately she soon grew tired of her gay clothes also and found them highly inconvenient. She replaced them by adaptations of her old rusty black "frocks" in purples, bronze, brown, green, and slate colors, with the bright neckerchiefs in some silken stuff, as a relief to the prevailing sombreness of the attire. Thus clad she had the gratification to receive her husband's congratulations on looking more like her former self.

Old Abe occasionally invaded the honeymoon privacy of the young couple, but nobody else came, with one striking exception. Mrs. Hollis declared that she had visited so many squires' wives exactly alike that an entirely new variety ought to be refreshing, and it would be hard for her to miss the much wanted refreshment. The present Lady Thwaite might prove a great acquisition in this way, and might be trotted out with the utmost benefit to her neighbors. Mrs. Hollis assured "Peter," truly enough, that the young woman had not been a bad character, only a little wild according to her station in life. Luckily for the peace of one corner of Eastwich, the Thwaites were literally not at home when Mrs. Hollis left her own and her husband's card for them. In return she had a singular scrawl written by Lady Thwaite on her own responsibility. She was much beholden to Madam Hollis for her bits of pasteboard. In the mean time, during the shooting season, she and Sir William had not a moment to spare, but later on if they should be passing Thornbrake they would look in.

Mrs. Hollis called the note delicious, showed it off to her Eastwich relations, and exhibited it generally, but nothing came of it. Sir William and his lady were never at leisure, or they never happened to be passing Thornbrake.

One other visitor, a brave and gentle one in this case, would fain have entered the Whitehills gates again, held out the right hand of fellowship, and done what she could to bring order out of chaos. But Iris had no more power to refrain from abandoning the couple to their fate, than she had possessed power to use her hold on the gratitude of the girl Honor in order

to win her to forsake "the broad way and the green."

That season's shooting at Whitehills was on the whole a prolonged, innocent, healthy, and happy saturnalia. Honor went out every day with her husband and brought down as many birds as he did, though he had shot bigger animals. Old Abe was almost always in attendance, full of solemn importance and cunning delight. Waterpark, like the other higher functionaries at Whitehills, had thrown up his commission in disgust. It was characteristic of Abe that though he boasted continually he was now free of every covert, water-meadow, turnip or stubble field on the property, in the right of his daughter, and could fire his gun where and when he chose, and dispose of the products as he liked, at his own table or in the game-shops in the next town, he stole and snared, and helped others to poach of nights as much as ever.

Bill Rogers completed the party. No additional men were wanted for the dogs, guns, or game-bags. Abe and Honor knew the dogs and could control them. Each "gun" carried his or her weapon and bag, seeking no relief, scouting the bare suggestion of it. Honor pelted her husband with ridicule when he proposed to carry her gun and bag, and it was with some difficulty that the wilful woman was kept from constituting herself a beast of burden to the whole party by slinging all their bags round her neck, and piling their guns on her shoulder, in order to parade the strength of which she was so proud. She had found or fancied that her battered straw hat interfered with her aim, and had replaced it sometimes by a cap of her husband's, sometimes by one of her gipsy handkerchiefs.

The whole party lunched, or rather dined, together afield, on the most free and easy terms, but for Bill Rogers, who would always be minding his manners. However, a meal *al fresco* is not like a meal within doors, and Sir William winced less often abroad than at home at words Lady Thwaite spoke and acts she committed. Here it seemed no more than natural that she should loll against a tree-stem or by a hedge, and smoke her pipe with the others; for Honor possessed the accomplishment of smoking in its unvarnished form, unlike the fine ladies who nibble cigarettes, and ape, in what they are pleased to consider a dainty fashion, the habits — not to say vices — of men. Poor Lady Thwaite was more honest, she smoked a short clay pipe coolly, in the

frankest manner, exactly as men did for a physical solace after labor. The blue smoke curling from her full red lips and rising above her brown face, as she sat with her head flung back or resting on her hand, perfectly at her ease, did not seem so out of place when the green earth was around her, and the fleecy clouds just tempering the sun in its zenith overhead.

The little party pursued their game till nightfall, and trudged home all but dead beat, still hale and cheery, content with their exploits, hopeful of what to-morrow held in its lap. It did not matter much whether the weather were good or bad, to the hardy company that could face soaking wet and defy the elements with marvellous equanimity.

Seen at a little distance, Sir William's shooting party was unquestionably grotesque, and excited no end of sarcasm and laughter, yet it is doubtful whether any other shooting party in the neighborhood got as much pleasure out of their more civilized sport and had as good a time of it.

Sometimes Sir William and Lady Thwaite varied their occupation by a day's fishing, but here, though she was still more his equal and busked his flies and baited his line as well as her own, and softly stroked the water far more unwearyedly, the close companionship proved less successful. The two were performing a duet, and the discordant notes, which would mar the harmony in the end, could be more plainly heard already. But it was Honor who taught Sir William to love his own woods and fields with a passionate fondness which would last to the day of his death.

It was an evil time for the husband and wife when even the last days of the pheasant shooting waned and the chill end of October gave place to a bleak November, which began with early black frosts that threatened to mar the prospects of the hunting field. At their best they were to the Thwaites a poor substitute for the shooting. A meet and a run could hardly be conducted in a homely family fashion. There were yeoman farmers in the field, no doubt, but the mass of the riders were Sir William's fellow-squires, who, though they had not objected to his subscription to the hunt, now showed generally as great a disposition to drop him, as they had ever displayed an inclination to take him up. Even if they had done otherwise he would have resisted their overtures, for he had passed from neutrality in politics to bitter radicalism. But it was not pleas-

ant to encounter old acquaintances and be dismissed with compassionate nods, or to see them turn their heads in other directions.

Sir William could ride, but Lady Thwaite could not. She had never been on an animal more dignified than a donkey in her life. The redoubtable champion of Amazonian feats on foot among the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, the fine figure of a woman walking in her half-gipsy guise, was reduced to helplessness and sat like a sack of corn in the saddle. She was not too proud to conquer her deficiencies, she had courage enough to surmount any difficulty, but she showed herself too impatient to learn slowly and surely. After one or two premature extraordinary appearances in the hunting field, and "spills" which made the M. F. H's hair stand on end, Sir William withdrew on his own account, and induced Honor to absent herself from the diversion of the season.

Lady Thwaite detested driving. She took half-a-dozen trials of her carriage, and then said it made her sick. She had employed it in order to go to church in state. It served as a sorry excuse for abstaining, that she could not ride the distance. It went without saying that she could walk the distance half-a-dozen times any day, and would have indignantly rebutted the statement that she might suffer fatigue by the exertion.

With the falling leaves, the dank mists which are so conspicuous a feature of Eastwich, and the shortening days, the newly wedded pair found their open-air resources largely gone, and were driven within doors. It was as if the wailing utterances of the prophet were sounding afresh, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and ye are not saved."

Long before his marriage had left him undone, Sir William had awakened from his fit of rage and despair, as he had awakened many a time from the madness of drink, to be sensible that Honor Smith was no wife for him. He knew that he had better cut off his right hand or pluck out his right eye than wed her, that such wedlock would certainly be his, probably her ruin.

But he had also said to himself that it was too late to repent, that he could not leave a woman who had trusted him in the lurch, that they must go on and take their chance, and God have mercy upon them both.

It was incredible at first, besides being extremely vexatious and humiliating to

Sir William, to find that in so short a time he had acquired something of the tone of the class he had renounced and detested. He did his best to hide the unwished-for acquisition and crush it out of him, but it rose from its ashes and forced him to own that, be his principles what they might, he could never be again what he had been, before he entered on his inheritance, and moved for a brief space on terms of equality in more intelligent and cultivated circles. He might be a social outcast, doubly repudiated, but he could not return to his original obscurity and live and die the common working man he had started in life, with his great succession no better than a wild dream.

When Sir William went back to his books, to tide over the dull, dark, winter days, he tried to take Honor with him. He would read to her what she might care to hear, as he had read the racing calendar and the details of the last murder to old Lady Fermor.

But Honor could not abide books, whatever the subject. The very sight of print was disagreeable to her. She would not have listened even could Sir William have hit on registers recording the experience of mighty hunters and great sportsmen, or the nature-in-art of those word-painters of the woods and fields, with their teeming life, in which she had lived. She cared for the things themselves, but not for the finest reflections of them. The bare obstacles of his measured voice, and a style of expression less homely than she had been accustomed to, would have been enough to deprive her of all sympathy with the reader.

Lady Thwaite could hardly work unless in the coarsest make-shift for sewing, and she hated such woman's work next to listening to sermons, with which she always confounded listening to reading.

She moped and wandered about restlessly and aimlessly, went constantly to her father's at Hawley Scrub, at the most ill-timed seasons, and took to visiting her mother's kindred at the quarries to pass the time.

Sir William began by accommodating himself to his wife's wild habits, for a longer time than could have been looked for from him. He had never shirked acknowledging his father-in-law, or even his connections by marriage at the quarries. What had he been that he should treat the roughest fellows as his inferiors, or behave as if he were ashamed to be seen in their company? He went with Lady Thwaite both in broad day and under

cloud of night, when the fancy took her, to Hawley Scrub. He showed no provocation, which was, doubtless, because he cared too little for his privileges, on seeing, as he could not fail to see, that old Abe's ways were unchanged. Lady Thwaite was more aggrieved than Sir William, and went so far as to rate her father soundly for trenching on "the rights of things." "These birds and hares are Will's and mine, father. You are welcome to a share—your share of them, but you ought to be content with that. It ain't serving us fair to make them public property, or to put them away on the sly to fill your pocket when you've everything you could wish and nought stinted to you, and Will do have come down handsome to the boys." At other times she took the matter as an excellent joke, and laughed long and loud at the contradiction. For Abe himself, he was always complacent, cunning, and a trifle cringing.

Neither did Sir William decline to accompany his wife to the quarries, or to be present when the quarry gossips, men and women, came to Whitehills, to join in the family meals, to marvel at the splendor of Honor's drawing-room, and to soil its flaunting finery with their hob-nailed boots and smutty or greasy fingers. Sir William had returned to the ranks of the people, and he must accept his natural associates. So far as they were concerned, any momentary sense of feeling abashed, by finding themselves among surroundings so different from their own, vanished rapidly before their ingrained, brainless effrontery.

It was in connection with the Quarry folk that the smouldering discord in the situation took shape, and threatened to burst into a blaze. These natives of Eastwich were a specially uncouth, violent, debauched set of people. They had no modesty, else they would have held back a little even from Lady Thwaite's boisterous, lavish invitations, and Sir William's grave endorsement of the same. The quarry men and women had no respect for themselves or for others, otherwise they would have let the master of the house alone in his peculiarities. He did not impose the restraint he put on himself on any of them. He did not even restrict the mistress of the house, when, knowing what her guests liked best, she caused ale and gin, rum and brandy to flow freely. The mirth grew fast and furious in consequence, the talkers shouted, quarrelled, and had occasionally to be dragged asunder, as they were about to close in

asunder, as they were about to close in hand-to-hand fights. Never had Whitehills beheld grosser scenes, even in the drunken days of the Restoration, or the rude revels of mediæval times. But Sir William was well enough acquainted with such brawls, though he had never before known how brutal and sickening they could present themselves to a sane onlooker, who endured them while he sought to keep the peace.

Nevertheless the detachments of quarymen were by no means satisfied with being left to follow their debased inclinations. They felt affronted with their host or guest, as it might be, spoiling all true fellowship by not affording a good example in drinking deeply and steadily. They were secretly enraged with the man and inclined to vow vengeance upon him, when with his conscience tormenting him and all the higher qualities he possessed reproaching him, he still doggedly indulged them to the top of their bent.

The women — the greatest gadders from house to house, the biggest scolds, the most ragged slatterns, and, in self-defence perhaps, the most frequent drunkards of all the working women far and near — turned, too, upon the man who, though he had a whole cellar full of drink at his disposal, was not enticing their men by his abuse of it to spend their children's bread in the alehouse. What business had Honor Smith with a husband who was not only a titled squire and had made her Lady Thwaite, but who could not take a glass like his neighbors? For a young, unmarried woman, she had not been so far behind her matronly friends. It was not one glass or two either that would go to Honor's head; she need not try to make a fool of them by coming over them with a pretence of growing proper all of a sudden.

It would have been the last thought which would have entered Lady Thwaite's mind to pretend to be other than the wild, reckless woman she was. She did not require the goading and taunting which met her on all sides from her coarse, stupid, envious cronies, to display herself in her worst colors, to defy all implied opposition, including her husband's.

If these riotous tempters had known it, they had a powerful ally in Lady Thwaite's breast. She was not dull as they were; she was not book-learned, but she had plenty of mother wit, as well as an overweening pride and a passionate temper. She had been accustomed, in the days which seemed far off now, when she had

sprung up from a neglected little girl into a strong, capable woman, to be a person of importance in her family and circle. She had not thought often of Sir William's condescending to marry her. Since he had told her his story on the evening of the hay-making, her thought had been to stand by him and atone to him for the injustice which had been done to him. Her heart had grown soft to him; she had been very happy in those September and October days in the woods and fields.

But for that very reason Honor had been quick to detect the slightest sign of what she must regard as recantation and rue on his side. She had been galled by the faintest token of disapprobation and disappointment from her husband. In place of seeking to submit to his judgment and to suit herself to his tastes, she flourished her independence and opposition in his face and in the faces of her friends.

He remonstrated with a reservation, because he knew in his heart what she suspected, while the suspicion was driving her mad, that he had no true love and fond admiration for her, such as might have caused him to overlook her faults, or to win her from them, by patient devotion. Her conduct was offending and incensing him, and the more he grew offended and incensed the more contumacious and audacious she became.

The couple took to going their different ways — rather Sir William sulked and sat alone in his topsy-turvy, disorderly house of Whitehills, while Lady Thwaite roamed abroad and pursued her vagaries wherever the vagabond impulse of the moment drove her. The result was that she was from home at all hours, and was frequently to be found in any company to which he had an objection. When called in question for her behavior, she either asserted her right to do as she chose, or made a feint of deceiving her husband. But she did the last with so brazen a face and so carelessly, that it looked and sounded as if she either told falsehoods and cheated for the mere pleasure of the thing, or sought to put a fresh insult on Sir William.

The roar and surge of domestic discord rising and swelling filled the ears of the principals in the strife, even of the minor performers in the household contest, so that they could not distinguish the loud, vehement condemnation of the world without.

Old Abe remonstrated anxiously, "Lass,

what are you about? Be you going to spoil your luck and waste your fine fortune? Is there an evil spirit in you? No man born will long stand the treatment you are giving he. I have seed a man take a stick or a poker to his wife, and break her head or go nigh to brain her, for a deal less."

"Never mind, father, Sir William will not break my head or brain me. I can take care of myself, and I'll do what I like. Maybe there is a devil in me — leastways I'll not stand his cold looks and sour fault-findings. Who axed him to leave the fine cattle he consorted with? Let him go back to them, if he will have them and their ways."

The crisis could not be long deferred, when a house only built the other day was already shaking to its sandy foundation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BEAST WALLOWS IN THE MIRE.

LADY THWAITE'S last transgression had been to walk over to Hawley Scrub, before the wintry daybreak, to meet and warn a brother of the dead Hughie Guild, whom even the shuffling Abe did not countenance, and whom Sir William had been roused to threaten he would hunt out of his plantations and bring before the justices.

Hughie Guild had perished in his comparatively innocent youth, or he might have been the best of his race — anyhow the remaining Guilds were well known to be the worst livers in the parish, women as well as men of them were abandoned to shameless vice. It was only lately that Lady Thwaite had renewed her acquaintance with the Guilds, and Sir William had sworn she should not enter their house, or he would know what to do. Lady Thwaite, after she had got Zachary Guild out of danger, denied that she had been near the Guilds' house, and announced her intention of visiting her most intimate friend at the quarries, where Sir William no longer offered to accompany her.

When there she was plied with jeers and sneers at Sir William as a pattern-card, a great, hulking, reformed water-drinker, and she was taunted with her subjection to him.

She defended him hotly for a time: "You are not to say ill of my man Sir William. He's a deal too good for you and the likes of you. You are not fit, the best of you, to hold a candle to him. He have come of gentlefolks, and he was hand

and glove with gentlefolks so long as he chose, but he liked his freedom and he liked me."

She did not care that anybody should blame him save herself; she only changed her tone when some persons hinted broadly that he must have altered his mind, and could not think very much of her after all. She was to be pitied, with a husband at once a squire, and not a roysistering squire, but a nonsuch. Whatever their men were — poor quarrymen, never out of the ale-house — at least they were no better than their wives, and could not indulge in despising them.

Honor cried out she was as good as Will Thwaite any day, she was no man's slave, and she began to drink and shout, gossip and sing snatches of songs. When she returned to Whitehills it was with an unsteady step, a blazing face, and clouded eyes.

Sir William sat waiting for her in the comfortless room, without the vestige of a woman's presence in it — not a bit of darning, or an ironing blanket, or a screen hung over with white clothes, such as had marked his sister Jen's home. He had discovered by this time that though Honor had not been at the Guilds' house, she had gone out at break of day to keep an appointment with the scoundrel Zachary Guild.

The husband was at his post in a white heat of fury, meaning to charge her with a violation of all duty to him, an utter disregard of his credit and her own. But the sight of her, as she stumbled into the room, gazed at him with half-blank eyes, and broke into senseless laughter, stopped him. He stared at her in return with such a look of wild despair as to penetrate even her dazed faculties, then she made some foolish excuse and left him.

When Sir William Thwaite was by himself he clenched his fists and rose to his feet, quivering with passion. "It is all over," he said aloud, "peace and credit are both done for. I did not mean it when I said I would return to the ranks of working men, and when I married that woman I thought she was true as steel, and would help to keep me true to myself and her. But I have seen it coming, and now there is not a grain of hope left. If you were here, Jen, you would release me from my word, and pray to God to forgive me; for now, as I am a sinner and mated to a sinner, there is nought remaining to me but to drown care, and drink myself blind and deaf and dead to what I have made of my life."

He staggered to the door as if he were drunk already, went out into the darkness, walked to the nearest alehouse, which was shut up for the night, thundered at the door there till the amazed and alarmed landlord granted him admittance. Then, against law and gospel and Will Thwaite's word to his dead sister, he sat pouring out and emptying glass after glass of fiery spirits faster than he had ever done in his wild youth, till he was past thinking, past feeling.

Before the week was over the hue and cry rose that Sir William Thwaite, who had disappeared from church and market, was never out of one alehouse or another; that he was drinking himself into a lunatic asylum or the grave, in the lowest company; that he had become a common brawler, with whom the police would soon be compelled to interfere. This was what had come of his not being able to drink his glass of port like a Christian gentleman and squire. Many people had pointed out what such unbecoming, extravagant abstinence portended, what had been its origin and what would be its end. It was but an interlude between a drunken scamp's fits of debauchery. After the low marriage he had tumbled into, what further chance was there of his keeping his pledge, or promise, or whatever it might be?

Lady Thwaite was subdued for a time. "What's come over you, Will?" she asked almost timidly, "you who would not taste drink, to take to it all of a sudden, and like a fish? But you needn't go to them alehouses and taverns where you are a marked man. Have your liquor here, where nobody has any right to forbid you, and you'll have nobody to quarrel with in your cups."

"What! you don't think I should quarrel with you, my lady, not though we were two at a trade?" he said savagely. "Ah, you don't know me yet. Besides, I prefer taking my spree on my own account, and not at home. We have not pulled so well together of late that we should risk keeping company when wit is out. I am not come to the lowest pass that I should sit in my own house of Whitehills—the old Thwaites' house, confound them, and drink in company with my wife till we quarrel, and fight, and agree again like the vilest wretches in the barracks."

"It was only once, Will," she said, with strange humility for her. "Did you ever hear of me or know me as a drunken drab—am I like it?"

But he broke away from her, and she

desisted from all further expostulation with him. Nay, in place of seeking to reclaim and restrain him, it appeared as if she were thenceforth set on goading him on and exasperating him to the utmost pitch. She pursued her own course not only without hesitation, she threw herself in his way, crossed his path, and defied him when he was more like a mad animal than a sane human creature.

But Sir William was not left altogether undefended and uncared for. Go when and where he liked, to alehouse or tavern, when he stumbled out of it, he never failed to find one faithful friend, whether the miserable fellow knew it or not. Bill Rogers was a sober lad, though he could indulge at a time in a single glass or a couple of glasses, but nothing on earth would induce him to drink with his master. He turned away his eyes from Sir William's debasement. He never spoke of it voluntarily. When assailed with gibes and mockery, he said stoutly and loyally all that could be urged in defence of a lapsed sinner. Bill was constantly hovering shamefacedly in Sir William's neighborhood, ready to offer him his servant's arm if the squire would accept it; wary to follow and keep him in sight, if he waxed furious at being what he called tracked and spied upon, to prevent his slipping into pond or ditch, or lying down in the frost or the wet, on the withered or sodden grass, and dying a dog's death.

It was in vain that Sir William stormed and threatened: "Do you think I wish you to be ruined as fast and sure as myself, Bill? Ain't you a precious sight better chap than your master? Don't he know it to his cost? But he ain't such a selfish brute as to wish you to pay the piper, and to have your destruction to answer for, in addition to his own and that of a few more fools. Come along, Bill Rogers, and I'll stand you a treat. We'll swallow something hot and strong. I'll tip you an old soldier's song, and we'll have a rare blow out, and make a night of it. No, you won't? Then I'll be hanged if you shall play the flying scout at my expense. I give you your leave, lad, from this day, with a month's wages. Who sends you on your dashed prying errands at my heels? Not Honor? Much right she has to meddle. Or is it somebody else whose name I'll never speak again with my polluted lips? She was an angel, Bill; but she wrought my undoing. No, no. That is false as the place I'm bound for. She was as innocent as the babe unborn, only she could

not touch pitch and be defiled. It was I who was the beast I have always been."

One day about this time, Sir William was walking down the middle of Knotley High street, as if challenging any man to say his gait was disorderly, and his dress slovenly, when he felt a clap on his shoulder.

"Hallo! Thwaite," cried the insolent voice of Major Pollock. "I hear you have come out of your shell, slipped your cable or your moorings, or what shall we call it? since I saw you last. My dear fellow, I like you a thousand times better for it. I have only one crow to pluck with you. Why will you descend to the gutter, and not go to the bad in good company—that of gentlemen like your—ahem! forefathers? I assure you that you will find it more agreeable, if you would only try us, and we should make you heartily welcome. Come to my den and have a game at billiards and a glass of beer or grog, if wine don't suit your stomach."

But Sir William shook him off. "I'll see you far enough first, Major Pollock. If I'm going to destruction, and I ain't the one to deny it, it shall be with humble folk, who are as low as I ever was; it shan't be for the entertainment and profit of them that calls themselves gentlemen. Whatever I am or may sink to, me and my mates don't care to earn a penny, with our tongues in our cheeks, from our neighbor's sin and shame."

There was another incident in Sir William Thwaite's history which belonged to this period. Parliament was dissolved, and a general election ensued, bringing political agents and men from a distance, to town and burgh, to contest interests keenly, and canvass hotly for votes in houses which the visitors would not otherwise have entered. By one of those singular chances, which happen at least as frequently in real life as in novels, Will Thwaite's old commanding officer, Colonel Bell, who had returned from India, was nearly related to one of the candidates for the favor of this section of Eastwich, and came down with him to Knotley to help his cause.

In examining the lists of voters, the name of Sir William Thwaite, of Whitehills, soon turned up. Colonel Bell immediately recognized it, and, upon a few inquiries, found that the later career of the young man had been very much what might have been expected from certain early passages in his life.

The officer hinted his acquaintance with the baronet in his chrysalis condition;

and went on to admit that, in fact, he was the colonel who had given Sir William Thwaite his discharge from her Majesty's service. But being the soul of honor, and a man who did not care to present himself in an undignified light, the gentleman kept to himself the offence and the impending punishment which had immediately preceded the discharge. The inevitable result of his reticence was that he found himself pressed to accompany the candidate, and use the officer's supposed influence with Sir William, who was understood to be indifferent to politics, to vote for the right man.

Colonel Bell yielded against his judgment to the pressure put upon him, and drove in a carriage full of ardent electors, who would take no refusal, to Whitehills.

The visitors experienced more regret for the deterioration of the fine old place than for the degradation of the new squire. There were traces of changed days as the party drew near the house. Of course, Sir William's dissipation had been of a cheap and mean order compared with that of some of his predecessors. He had still an ample supply of ready money to squander and work mischief with; none of the grand old trees had been felled, the park had not been used for grazing purposes, and sufficient time had not elapsed for very conspicuous signs of downfall in other respects. No gate was off its hinges, no fence was full of holes, no path positively overgrown. But the exquisite dainty trimness of an English gentleman's place, which had been conspicuous in the late Sir John's day, was wanting. Weeds were cropping up, borders left ragged, branches broken and untrimmed. Some cottages which the young squire had begun to build, in which he had taken an interest, stood half built, as the masons had left them on the first of the winter frosts. In the mean time the builder had come to grief, and failed to fulfil his contract. But no fresh contract had been entered into, and the uncompleted houses, like unfulfilled promises, appealed mournfully to the passer-by. There had been an old-fashioned lamp, since the days of links and their extinguishers, which, though seldom used, was left to hang in its place above the principal gate it was supposed to grace. Its thick, dim glass had been smashed recently, and remained in a few jagged fragments in the metal framework. A baker's van, which ought to have been taken round to the back of the house, had boldly driven up to the front entrance and stopped the way, as if

there were no chance of a dispute with a vehicle of higher estate. The thin wedge of neglect and aggression was introduced, and the rest would follow, until the house became as great a wreck as its master.

Lady Thwaite was abroad, as usual, and if she returned in time, did not show her face amidst the tawdry splendor of her drawing-room.

Colonel Bell did not think the haggard-faced man in the rumpled, mud-bespattered clothes, in which he might have slept for a week, who reluctantly came in answer to their summons, was an improvement on his young sergeant. The latter, in spite of his fits of excess, had been wont to turn out on parade scrupulously neat and smart, as became a gallant soldier.

"How are you, Thwaite? You see I have looked you up when I am in the country," stammered Colonel Bell a little nervously. "I have come to ask a favor from you in renewing our acquaintance. Will you, if you have no objection, lend your support to my friend on the hustings and at the polling-booth next week?"

Sir William did not take the hand held out. He stood still, and glared with his blood-shot eyes at the speaker.

"It wasn't I who ever asked any favor of you, Colonel Bell, that you should seek a return from me," he said in a thick, altered voice. "You have forgotten, sir, or your wits are wool-gathering. It was my poor sister Jen. Do you remember her, or was she too humble a lot to stick in your memory? I was told that she went down on her marrow-bones to you, though she was a proud woman in her way, was Jen, if you had known it; but you pushed her away, and said discipline could not be set aside, not though a woman's heart were to break—as hers was broken by that date—or a young rascal be doomed to the gallows, since there was nothing else he could hope for after that morning's work."

He stopped speaking to a dumbfounded company, while Colonel Bell, with a face as red as fire, or his old mufti, muttered, —

"I thought it had been made up, and the past forgotten," and began to back to the door.

But Sir William arrested him. "When it comes to that, you did your duty, old Bell—we're meeting as equals to-day, ain't we? which is more than I ever did. I can't ask you or your friends to eat or drink with me, for though we're social equals, you and I know that would not be fitting. But you're welcome to my vote,

though, bless you! my presence on the hustings would be no credit to your man. I can slink up with the ruck to the booth, and give you what Jen herself, had she been here and a voter, would have given you freely, man. For though you were hard we always held you honest, and though you helped to do for me—that's neither here nor there, I was going to the dogs anyway, and would have reached them in the long run without your aid, I take it. I have that faith in you and your choice that I believe it will be the country's own fault—as it was mine—if it don't do as well as it deserves under the rule of the likes of you, old Bell!"

"What a strange character!" "Who was Jen?" "What on earth had you to do with him besides giving him his discharge, colonel?" "At least we've got his vote, which was what we wanted," was chorused round the officer when the party had reached their carriage.

"Yes, yes, you've got his vote, and I really believe you've me to thank for it," said the colonel, wiping his forehead; "but I'll be shot if I undertake such another encounter on your account, Charlie. That fellow Thwaite must have been as mad as a hatter from the beginning. Scrapes? oh! of course; a fellow like him was safe to be in a thousand scrapes."

Some of the stories with which the country was ringing reached Lady Fermor. Then she assailed her granddaughter in the privacy of the old lady's dressing-room. "Have you heard the news, Iris? Sir William Thwaite has broken out, and sits drinking himself to death with carters and quarrymen, and tramps, for anything I can tell." The speaker fixed her hollow, gleaming eyes on Iris's face, and spoke with deliberate calmness. "He and his beggar-wife are at daggers-drawing, so it is feared murder may be committed and somebody hung for it. What do you think of that for your work, girl? We have all got our sins to answer for, but I should say that was something to have on one's conscience."

"It is not my work, and it need not lie heavy on my conscience," protested Iris, with her whitening face. But though she knew she spoke the truth, and would not be silent, because she was not afraid to maintain her innocence in such hearing, when she got to her room she shed bitter tears. "Grandmamma accuses me, and Lucy bids me rejoice in having escaped such a miserable fate; and I—what can I do but cry to God to have mercy on his lost sheep, his lost children?"

From The National Review.
ROMAN LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

I.

IN 1837 there died in Rome a poor and neglected octogenarian, the Abate Lucantonio Benedetti. Born during the pontificate of Clement XIII., he had witnessed the accession of six popes,* and had minutely chronicled the sights and events of at least five of their reigns. Such a record, even if made by a blockhead, could not fail to be interesting; and Abate Benedetti was no blockhead, but a man of excellent parts and great keenness of observation. His voluminous diaries have never been published, but they have fallen into good hands, and recently furnished an accomplished writer, Signor David Silvagni, with the materials for the first part of the remarkably interesting work on "Roman Life in the XVIII. and XIX. Centuries,"† from which this sketch has been compiled.

And the patient diarist who wrote for his own pleasure, and without thought of publicity, may be said to be the hero of the book. For he had an eventful career, was a courtier, conspirator, prisoner, and exile, and throughout all vicissitudes preserved an unblemished integrity and firmness of character. Circumstances brought him in contact with most of the prominent personages on the political and social stage, and the modest abate is no ignoble figure in the motley scene.

As page to Donna Marianna d'Este, wife of Prince Lorenzo Colonna, he was an eye-witness, in his fourteenth year, of the splendid pageant celebrating the accession of Clement XIV. This was the last pope who rode through the streets of Rome on horseback to take possession of the Lateran with the old mediæval pomp and ceremonial. The pontifical prestige was already beginning to be shaken, and Clement's courageous decree for the suppression of the Jesuits was soon to raise him a host of enemies throughout Catholic Europe.

In the days of Benedetti's youth Rome still wore the aspect of a city of the Middle Ages. It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed, and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its own special locality, and, in lack of shop-fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the

Colosseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was administered with circumstances of barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for Carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in Carnival, was in fact the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And the condemned criminals despatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantaloons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo dei Fiori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during the Napoleonic rule.

Those were the days of unbridled luxury and corruption among the higher classes, of brute ferocity among the masses at the base of the social pyramid. Yet, violence, bloodthirstiness, and ignorance notwithstanding, the Roman *popolani* had a certain rough nobility of their own. They were earnest patriots and intensely proud of their race. "Semo sangue d' Enea" (We are sons of Eneas) was an assertion frequently heard from their lips. They were neither servile nor treacherous; if quick to strike, they were also quick to forgive, and their mirth was as hearty as their anger was fierce. Your true Roman pleb. of whichever Rione — of Regola, Trastevere, or Monti — had the deepest contempt for shopkeepers, and disdained to earn his bread by menial or sedentary occupations. It was not until the Revolution of 1848 and 1849 that the barriers of class and caste were to some extent destroyed. He exercised his muscles rather than his wits, and was by choice either butcher or boatman, fisher or carman, porter, tanner, or stone-breaker. He had no turn, however, for agricultural labor, and even to this day the Campagna is cultivated exclusively by men from the Abruzzi or the Marches. Always in the open air, working strenuously but in short spurts, these *popolani* were a fine, hardy race, and did honor to the picturesque costumes which are now little worn save by artists' models. And although their frequent festivities generally ended in strife and bloodshed, they always began with song and dance; and

* Namely, Clement XIV., Pius VI., Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI.

† La Corte e la Società Romana nei Secoli XVIII. e XIX., per David Silvagni. Vols. I. and II. Florence: 1881 and 1883.

the *cantastorie*, or itinerant story-teller, drove a fine trade with endless narratives of the feats of Rinaldo, the "Reali di Francia," or time-worn legends of Greece and Rome. One of their favorite games was the *sassojalata*, in which Trasteverini and Monticiani challenged one another to battle with stones. This brutal pastime took place in the Forum, where fragments of sculpture and masonry supplied the requisite weapons, and stretched many combatants bleeding on the field.

Of all these things the diligent abate has much to record, and they form a strange and barbaric background to his descriptions of pontifical ceremonies and processions, of sumptuous prelates and jewelled dames. In attendance on a lady maintaining almost regal state, the young Benedetti naturally mixed in the highest society. We drive with him in gilded coaches to the entertainments of the Colonna, the magnificent garden parties of Marquis Zagnoni at the Villa Sciarra, and are introduced to all the celebrities of the day. We are shown an immense variety of obsolete customs, and witness the beginning of the storm that was finally to transmute the old Rome of the popes into the capital of modern Italy. What, for instance, could be more characteristic of the pride of the eighteenth-century Roman nobles than the superb humility displayed by them at the baptism of their children? If no potentate or dignitary of the highest class was available as sponsor, they invariably chose mendicant friars, or even street beggars, to fill that post. And *à propos* of baptismal rites, Benedetti tells us that, during the Lenten season of 1794, all Rome flocked to the christening of a couple of converted Jewesses. Both were newly married women; but their baptism annulled their marriage vows. They were now Christian virgins, and duly discarded their husbands at the church door. The poor men were crazed with grief, but could obtain no redress. Who cared for the feelings of "dogs of Jews"? Until delivered from official persecution by decree of the French conquerors in 1798, all Hebrews were compelled to wear a badge of their slavery, in the form of the yellow cloth or *sciamano* affixed to their hats, and which made them a mark for the insults of the mob.

II.

A WORD must be said of the position of our abate. He belonged to a well-to-do family of Genazzano, of no pretensions to nobility, but which, in another country,

would have had a definite standing among the landed gentry. But in Rome commoners were not counted as gentlefolk, and to avoid being confused with the bourgeoisie, which ranked little higher than the populace, they generally assumed the dress and the title of *abati*, without being necessarily celibates or ecclesiastics. Benedetti had a right to the title in virtue of his post in the Curia, but the majority of these lay *abati* were professional men, obliged thus to hang on, as it were, to the skirts of Mother Church in order to be distinguished from the shop-keeping class. But neither they nor their wives might wear velvet nor brocade, nor were they privileged to display armorial bearings on their carriages and liveries. They must never forget that they ranked as gentlemen by courtesy, and not by right, like the employés of the Curia. Indeed, two of the popes, Urban VIII. and Benedict XIII., had issued decrees forbidding laymen to use the ecclesiastical dress, under pain of fines and imprisonment, and, though never enforced, these decrees remained unrevoked. Accordingly no *abate*, however wealthy, ever dared to imitate the domestic luxury of the Roman nobles, whose palaces still show the accumulated splendor of centuries. On the contrary, their houses were plain, their habits austere and simple. They indulged in no comfort, apparently in no enjoyment of life, and the younger members of these middle-class families were reared in an atmosphere of repression and restraint. Paternal despotism was the household rule. No wife addressed her husband by his Christian name without the prefix of "Signor;" children addressed their parents as "Signor Padre" and "Signora Madre," bowing low before them, kissing their hands, and never venturing to speak or move without leave. The father spoke to wife and children, as to his servants, in the second person plural, instead of using the familiar *tu* as with equals.

Nowadays Roman children enjoy even more liberty than their English contemporaries, and are acknowledged and petted tyrants to whose whims all must give way. But in the eighteenth century parents chiefly thought how to keep their offspring quiet with least trouble to themselves. So the tightly swaddled infants were suspended in conical frames, called *bigonci*, and the following precautions taken for their welfare: a coral with bells was hung round their necks to keep off the evil eye, an Agnus Dei to avert mortal

danger, a tassel of moleskin to guard them from witchcraft, and gold rings put in their ears to preserve their sight. Thus equipped, what could harm them? They were suckled for two years; then weaned, and sent to a dame-school. Here they were wedged in little chairs, and made to sit still the whole day, with intervals of kneeling to lisp out Latin prayers they could not understand, and at evening went home just in time to be packed off to bed. After a few years of this *régime*, they were transferred to schools where order was maintained by the rod, the pillory, and the degradation of tracing the sign of the cross on dirty floors with their tongues. When at home their only licensed amusement consisted in dressing up as priests, erecting play altars, and making *presepii* at Christmas. As all know, a *presepio* is a pasteboard representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with puppets grouped as Virgin and Child, angels, shepherds, etc. In Italian churches very beautiful *presepii* with artistic figures, and a profusion of flowers and greenery, are always shown at Christmas, and in Sicily the scene is often represented by living actors.

Superstitious terror played a great part in the education of these unlucky eighteenth-century children. Roman mothers and maids checked their naughtiness by threats of ogres and bogies, wehr-wolves, witches, and spectres, and they were taught to expect to be carried off by the devil in person. Later on came the seminary for the boys, the convent for girls, and in many cases they did not re-enter their father's door until their education was supposed to be completed, and then only to be married off to husbands and wives of their parents' choice, or coaxed into taking the tonsure or the veil. And girls who shrank from the cloister, yet for whom no suitable bridegrooms could be found, generally became "house-nuns," and, assuming a semi-conventual garb, led a life of seclusion and prayer in their own homes.

But our chronicler, Lucantonio Benedetti, had an unusually liberal training for one of his class. His father, being a landowner at Genazzano, where the Colonna had vast estates, obtained for his twelve years' old son the post of page in the suite of Donna Marianna, princess of that house. The lad's observant faculties were sharpened by the opportunities of his office, and he soon began to take notes of the scenes and events that passed before his eyes. His patron, Don Lorenzo

Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, was at that time the greatest man in Rome. The Colonna Palace was the resort of the highest dignitaries of the Church, of ambassadors, nobles, and all other persons of distinction. The page-in-waiting heard all that went on: witty society talk, political news, all that was said of the long-standing controversy between Jesuits and Jansenists, and the echoes of the daring discussions carried on beyond the Alps by Voltaire and his contemporaries. Even in Rome it was growing the fashion to dabble in philosophy and scepticism.

The little page looked up to Donna Marianna with admiring eyes, and seems soon to have won her attention by an act of boyish gallantry. For he dates his favor from the day when, the steps for mounting into her high coach being missing, he sprang forward and offered his knee as a substitute. Perhaps he was a pretty boy of the Cherubino type, for he was evidently smiled on by ladies. He retained his pageship until, having finished his legal studies and passed his examination (fancy Cherubino reading law!), he obtained a post in the Curia, and exchanged his court dress for the sober black of an abate. At the age of thirty he married, but continued to frequent the gay world, and particularly the Palazzo Colonna. For the greater part of the reign of Pius VI. almost perpetual Carnival was held in Rome, and Benedetti was present at every festivity. But, although a lover of pleasure, he was no time-serving fribble, and throughout his long life remained an earnestly devoted adherent of the papacy and the temporal power. He did his best to aid the hopeless resistance to the French, and admired the efforts of Prince Colonna to organize some kind of an army. He records his grief at the entry of the republican troops on the 10th February, 1798, and a week later was plunged in despair by the arrest and banishment of the octogenarian pope. And when Pius died at Valence the following year, the abate's unconstrained laments exposed him to the wrath of the French, and cost him his liberty. Released from prison during the brief Neapolitan occupation of Rome, he soon beheld the fresh triumphs of the hated invaders, their tyranny, and their pillage.

It is hardly astonishing that this faithful abate, who saw the whole fabric of his Roman world demolished by the strokes of these iconoclasts, should have

failed to see the good that followed their ravages, and should not have discerned that mediæval institutions had to be swept away to clear the ground for modern progress.

The election of Pius VII. put an end to Benedetti's sufferings. Now at last, he thought, the good old times would be restored! But his joy was brief. The relations between the real master of Rome, General Miollis, and its nominal lord, Pope Pius, became more and more embroiled; and exactly when Cardinal Pacca's plot against the French seemed nearly ripe for execution, the conspirators — among whom was our abate — were thunderstruck by the famous escalade of the Quirinal, the summary arrest and abduction of the holy father! Intrigue and excommunication were futile weapons against the rough-and-ready measures of these fire-eating French.

Still Benedetti's loyalty remained unshaken. Rather than swear the required oath of fealty to the emperor, he chose imprisonment, the confiscation of his property, and exile to Corsica. His firmness is all the more admirable when we note that, whereas he sacrificed everything to his principles, and left his family at the mercy of the conquerors, his noble patron, Don Lorenzo Colonna, had gone with the stream and been created prince and senator of the new empire. Not until after six years' banishment could the abate return to his wife and children in Rome. By that time his health was broken, his fortune gone, his lands ravaged, his house sacked; but his creed was unchanged, and he resumed his legal work with industry and zeal. Naturally the French invasion had wrought changes in attire as well as in greater things, but to the last day of his life Benedetti retained the dress of an abate, with pigtail, small clothes, etc. So deep was his detestation of everything connected with the French, that he would never eat potatoes because that vegetable had been introduced by them into Italy. Still, while hating Napoleon as an usurper, he acknowledged his greatness, and always styled him Jupiter Tonans. He had happy epithets of his own for all contemporary personages. Clement XIV. was the "Political Pope;" Pius VI. the "Ostentatious;" Pius VII. the "Saintly;" Leo XII. the "Over-zealous." For Cardinal Albani he had the highest esteem, and called him the "last cardinal of the Roman Church." Pacca was the "Devout," Consalvi "a Machiavellian." Yet,

while disapproving the maxims contained in it, Machiavelli's "Prince" was his own favorite study. His best-loved poets were Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio, and, in true eighteenth-century spirit, he specially loved the last and least of the trio. Next to these he loved Alfieri, and had some liking for Monti as a poet, although despising him as a man.

He was passionately fond of music, and used to think Piccini the best of composers, until Rossini's operas confounded all his theories and gave his taste a more modern turn. He was personally acquainted with both masters, and once told Rossini that his strains had taught him to believe in the fable of Orpheus. Naturally the theatre has a large place in his diaries. He reminds us that no woman was allowed to tread the Roman stage before 1798, during the French occupation, and that the first female singer engaged with the sanction of the papal authorities was La Bertinatti, who in 1803 was *prima donna* in the "Selvaggia" of Niccolini. Evidently the morals of the general public required closer care than those of the aristocracy, for the highest ladies in Rome had long distinguished themselves in private theatricals; and the tone of society talk was even freer than in France.

Benedetti has much to say of the ladies of his time, declaring that his early patroness, Princess Colonna, was the worthiest of them all, Pauline Buonaparte the most beautiful, the Countess of Albany the most cultivated, Princess Altieri the most piquante, Princess Santa Croce the wittiest, Princess Rezzonico the maddest. But the mighty events he had seen accomplished had not taught him to comprehend the movement of the times. He admitted that Leo XII. was unduly anxious to re-establish the old order of things, yet it was impossible for him to adapt his mind to modern change. While admiring Consalvi, he accused that statesman of derogating from the sound principles of the Roman Curia; and he regarded the French Revolution as a social cataclysm that could leave no lasting effects.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Benedetti's staunch fidelity received no reward. He was respected, of course, but always put aside in favor of newer and perhaps less incorruptible men; and loudly as he had rejoiced in the papal restoration, he can scarcely have approved of the reaction that accompanied it. What, for instance, can this lover of culture have thought of the summary destitution of all

university professors nominated by the French? When some one ventured a protest in favor of the chair of archæology, the prelate at the head of the "Sapienza" college testily replied that archæology was "a *French innovation*," and that the only sciences approved by the government were theology, jurisprudence, and a smattering of medicine.

Another characteristic of this man of a vanishing generation, standing, as it were, abridge the gulf parting the Rome of the eighteenth from that of the nineteenth century, was his mode of interpreting the paternal right. By a variation on hereditary habits of mind, he was a fond, but excessively selfish father. His children had been created for himself, not for others, he said. Accordingly his three daughters were kept in the strictest seclusion, all suitors excluded, and he would neither marry nor make nuns of them. One of the three contrived to evade his watchfulness and made a runaway match, but the others bloomed and faded on the parent stem.

III.

ONE of the most singular social incidents of the pontificate of Pius VI. was the appearance of Joseph Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro; and Rome was the scene of the events leading to the exposure and condemnation of this prince of charlatans.

With the ever-reviving "spiritualistic" craze present to our minds, there is nothing astonishing in the credulity of the eighteenth century. Human nature is the same in all ages, and everywhere there must be a proportion of dupes ready to believe that human affairs can be righted by supernatural means. Belief in the marvellous is the pleasantest and easiest of beliefs, for it satisfies the imagination, inflames desire, and puts an end to all personal responsibility and effort; and a hundred years ago, especially in Italy, credulity was in the air. Men saw their old superstitions shattered by the advance of science, yet their minds failed to grasp these new truths. So science itself was then looked upon as sorcery; and it was reported of the mathematician Nicola Zucchi that his knowledge was infused into him by an enchanted hat. Every one believed more or less in magic, charms, enchantments, and amulets. Many even among the most sceptical in religious matters gave full credence to mesmerism, chiromancy, and every kind of trickery. The eighteenth century fairly swarmed

with alchemists, beginning with Johann Friedrich Böttger, who, in 1700, went about the world selling a powder supposed to transmute the commonest substances into gold. Frederic William of Prussia and the elector of Saxony in turn imprisoned him in order to extort the precious secret, and, as all know, Böttger actually enriched the latter monarch by a discovery almost as valuable in applying kaoline to the fabrication of Meissen ware.

The Sicilian, Balsamo, had already visited Rome in 1773, but at that time was little more than an ordinary swindler, chiefly celebrated for the dexterity with which he had committed every crime in the Decalogue, and for the easy audacity with which he assumed new names and professions. But he now returned there backed by a European reputation. In Germany many believed him to be a supernatural being. In Naples and Sicily, Spain, Portugal, and France, he declared himself the possessor of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and of all manner of philtres and love-charms. He also claimed the power of enlarging precious stones, and transmuting mercury into gold. In London he threw off the name of Balsamo, blossomed forth as Count Cagliostro, and became head of the Freemasons. For a time the town rang with the marvels attributed to the mysterious stranger, who made so great a display of wealth and excited the public wonder by allusions to his past life in remote ages. He was equally successful in France, until the famous episode of the diamond necklace brought about his disgrace and expulsion. Sooner or later his tricks were everywhere unmasked, yet so great was his personal influence that he always found fresh dupes ready to be gulled.

At last, in 1789, his ill fate brought him back to Rome. He was soon surrounded by a crowd of believers, and every one was eager to see his boasted marvels. Benedetti was persuaded to attend a *séance*, with a lady of his acquaintance, on the evening of September 15th, 1789, and gives a full report of it in his diary.

Cagliostro's abode was the Villa Malta, near the Pincian Gate, and on arriving at the entrance the abate and his friend gave the password to a servant in livery, and were led into a splendidly illuminated hall. The walls were covered with geometrical figures and symbols, and on one of them Benedetti read the following inscription:—

Sum quidquid fuit, est, et erit. Nemo-

que mortalium mihi adhuc velum detrahit.

On all sides were statuettes of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chinese gods. The hall was crowded with well-known personages, and, much to his amazement, Benedetti recognized among them the French ambassador, Cardinal Bernis. At one end stood a species of altar covered with skulls, stuffed apes, live snakes and owls, rolls of parchment, retorts, phials, amulets, packets of powders, and other miscellaneous objects. Presently Count Cagliostro appeared; and Benedetti remarks:—

He is a man of middle height, stout, with an air of sinister cunning, and a suspicious eye, exactly as he is represented in the portrait I have of him. He was followed by his wife, a handsome, well-proportioned woman, with a vivacious expression.

After a few preliminaries, Cagliostro seated himself on a tripod, and began to speak as follows:—

It is right that I should relate my life to you, reveal my past, and lift the dense veil that prevents you from seeing. . . . Harken to my words. . . . The boundless desert spreads around me, gigantic palm-trees cast their shadows on the sand. I see the quiet course of the Nile; the Sphinx, obelisks, columns stand in their majesty before me. Behold these wondrous walls, these numerous temples, these mighty pyramids, these labyrinths! It is Memphis, the sacred city! Behold the glorious King, Tothmes III., makes his triumphant entry, after subduing the Syrians and Canaanites! I see. . . . But now I pass to other lands. Here is another city; here is a holy temple dedicated to Jehovah, not to Osiris. New gods have overthrown the old. I hear voices . . . they proclaim the Prophet, the Son of God. Who is it? It is Christ! Yes, I see Him: He is at the marriage-feast of Cana. He is changing the water into wine.

And hereupon Cagliostro started to his feet, crying:—

Not He alone can perform this miracle. I, too, can perform it; will show it to you all. I will reveal the mystery; nought is concealed from me. I know all. I am immortal, antediluvian. Nothing is impossible to me. *Ego sum qui sum.*

Then seizing a vessel of pure water, he showed it to the company, and, after making all taste it, poured some into a huge crystal goblet, and added to it a few drops of another liquid from a small phial. Instantly the water assumed a golden hue, and became a sparkling wine, like Orvietto. This, he said, was the Falernian used by the ancient Romans. Many present

drank of it, and found it excellent. Cagliostro then continued his rhapsody, and spoke as with inspired accents of his famous secrets, his balsams, his elixirs. He produced a bottle of elixir which, he said, was potent to prolong life and restore youth and strength. And, to prove his words, he administered doses of it to the oldest persons in the assembly. Certainly it gave color to their cheeks and brightness to their eyes; "but," adds Benedetti, "it struck me that a glass or so of old Montefiascone might easily produce the same effect."

The count then mentioned his power of enlarging precious stones, and offered to make an experiment on the spot. Cardinal Bernis gave him the fine diamond ring that he always wore, and it was thrown into a crucible and various liquids poured over it. Thereupon Cagliostro recited an incantation composed of so-called Egyptian and Arabian words. He then added several powders to the mixture in the crucible, and in a few minutes drew out the ring and restored it to the cardinal with a brilliant almost double the size of the original stone. Bernis put on the miraculous ring with great delight; but the abate's opinion was that the cardinal had been cleverly tricked; that the ring was quite different from his own, and set with a crystal instead of a diamond.

Cagliostro next introduced a young girl whom he called his ward, and made her fix her eyes on a glass bottle filled with water. She said that she saw a road leading from one great city to another, and a vast crowd of men and women running forward and shouting, "Down with the king!" Cagliostro asked her what place this was; and she answered that she heard the people crying, "To Versailles," and that there was a great gentleman among them.

Thereupon Cagliostro turned to us, and said:—

"My ward has prophesied the future. Before long Louis XVI. will be attacked by the people in his Château at Versailles; the mob will be led by a duke; the monarchy will be overthrown, the Bastille destroyed, and tyranny give place to freedom."

"Diamine!" exclaimed the French ambassador; "you predict ill things for my sovereign!"

"Unfortunately they will all be verified," replied the Count.

To this report Benedetti appends a note, dated 12th October, 1789:—

Cagliostro spoke truly: on the 5th inst. a mob, mainly composed of women, and headed

by the Duke d'Aiguillon attacked the king at Versailles.

This strange prediction caused great excitement in the assembly at the Villa Malta. Some cried out that the count was an impostor, others that he was a prophet and a man of wisdom.

I listened and looked on [writes Abate Benedetti] and then I rose and asked Cagliostro in what his science consisted. He replied:—

"The learned Lavater, who came from Basle to Paris on purpose to see and interrogate me, asked me the same question. You shall have the same reply that I gave to him: *In verbis et herbis.*"

Cagliostro then made a speech on Freemasonry, and explained its object. A Capuchin friar came forward, said that he wished to join the society, and answered a string of questions proposed by the count, and which were much the same as those published in all Masonic manuals. Another person, named Vivaldi, followed the friar's lead. Then the meeting broke up.

A few months afterwards, in December, Cagliostro, his wife, and the Capuchin were all three summoned before the Inquisition. The count denied every charge brought against him; but his wife quailed at the threat of torture, confessed everything, and gave a minute account of her husband's career. Cagliostro was condemned to death; but Pius VI. commuted the punishment to perpetual confinement in the fortress of S. Leo, near San Marino. And there, six years later, the impostor's shameful existence came to an end. During his trial he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, and in the identical cell afterwards occupied by the blameless Benedetti when arrested by General Miollis.

As we have already said, the abate enjoyed the personal acquaintance of most of the notabilities of his time. He had been presented to all the popes from Clement XIII. to Gregory XVI.; he had seen the emperors Frederic II., Joseph II., and Napoleon I., and the Neapolitan king Murat. He had known Alfieri and Monti; been intimate with Cardinals Albani, Pacca, and Consalvi; and on friendly terms with Winckelmann, the archæologist Visconti, and the sculptor Canova.

Alfieri passed much of his time in Rome from 1767 to the opening of 1783; and, as everywhere else, amazed the fashionable world by his eccentricities. He was often to be seen early in the morning, seated on the balustrade of the Trevi fountain, en-

gaged in munching bread and cheese, and meditating on his work.

His horses were the admiration of the town. But although his fine, contemptuous face was sometimes to be seen in fashionable houses, he did not mix much with the gay world. His days were given to study, and the composition of his tragedies, several of which were written in Rome; and most of his evenings were spent with the Countess of Albany, or in the literary and artistic *salon* of that learned lady Maria Pizzelli. It was here that our abate first met the poet, and heard him read his "Virginia."

Benedetti records the sensation it produced on hearers unaccustomed to the placid Metastasian drama. The vigorous lines and daring sentiments of this new tragedy shook them as by an earthquake; and the abate confesses that the impression made on himself was one of terrified stupefaction. "This Alfieri," he says, "seemed Cola di Rienzi *redivivus.*"

No wonder that the poet of freedom should have been barely tolerated in papal Rome! Pius VI. had refused to allow the tragedy of "Saul" to be dedicated to him, notwithstanding its Biblical subject, and the precedent of the dedication of Voltaire's "Mahomet II." to Benedict XIV. But, even more than his political opinions, it was his *liaison* with the Countess of Albany that brought the poet into disfavor.

The lady's husband, Charles Edward, had meanwhile consented to a separation, and withdrawn to Florence; but her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, was a determined enemy, and in 1783 succeeded in having her lover expelled from Rome. This was a cruel blow to Alfieri, and followed close on the brilliant success of his "Antigone," which had been brought out the previous month on the stage of the Spanish embassy. Alfieri himself had then performed the part of Creonte, and had managed to drill his amateur players to a high degree of efficiency.

Benedetti gives a detailed account of this memorable performance, preluded by an overture expressly composed for it by Cimarosa. After describing the splendors of the Roman princesses, and how the beautiful Rezzonico was given the first place, he goes on to say:—

But when the wife of the claimant to the English throne came into the hall, every eye was fixed upon her, and it was understood that this fête had been arranged in her honor. Slightly bending her head to the assembled ladies, the Countess of Albany passed on to the seat reserved for her in the orchestra, and

conversed with no one excepting a few of the principal personages and the foreign ambassadors, who crowded round her to offer their homage.

Alfieri is said to have rendered his part with wonderful dramatic force, and was, of course, overwhelmed with applause.

Cardinal York was not among the audience; and a month later the poet was expelled from Rome.

And here we must take leave of our abate; and for further descriptions of the vanished Rome of the popes, refer our readers to Signor Silvagni's work. There they will find a shifting panorama in which the *genre* pictures of the earlier scenes soon make way for grand historic groups, with Napoleon Buonaparte as the central figure. Two volumes are already before the world; the first starts from 1769, the second comes down to the death of Pius VII. in 1823, and the third and last will conclude with the entry of King Victor Emmanuel in 1870.

LINDA VILLARI.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER VI.

(continued.)

MITCHELHURST CHURCH, like Mitchelhurst Place, betrayed a long neglect. The pavement was sunken and uneven, cobwebs hung from the sombre arches, the walls, which had once been white, were stained and streaked, by damp and time, to a blending of melancholy hues. The half light, which struggled through small panes of greenish glass, fell on things blighted, tarnished, faded, dim. The pews with their rush-matted seats were worm-eaten, the crimson velvet of the pulpit was a dingy rag. There was but one bit of vivid modern coloring in the whole building—a slim lancet window at the west end, a discord sharply struck in the shadowy harmony. "To the memory of the vicar before last," said Barbara, when the young man's glance fell on it. Such gleams of sunlight as lingered yet in the stormy sky without irradiated Michael, the church's patron saint, in the act of triumphing over a small dragon. The contest revealed itself as a mere struggle for existence; a Quaker,

within such narrow limits, must have fought for the upper hand as surely as an archangel. Harding as he looked at it could not repress a sigh. He fully appreciated the calmness of the saint, and the neatness with which the little dragon was coiled, but it seemed to him a pity that the vicar before last had happened to die; and he was glad to turn his back on the battle, and follow Miss Strange to the north chancel aisle. "These are all the Rothwell monuments," she said. "Their vault is just below. This is their pew, where we sit on Sunday."

Having said this she moved from his side, and left him gazing at the simple tablets which recorded the later generations of the old house, and the elaborate memorials of more prosperous days. More than one recumbent figure slept there, each with upturned face supported on a carven pillow; the bust of a Rothwell was set up in a dusty niche, with lean features peering out of a forest of curling marble hair; carefully graduated families of Rothwells, boys and girls, knelt behind their kneeling parents; the little window, half blocked by the florid grandeur of a grimy monument, had the Rothwell arms emblazoned on it in a dim richness of color. In this one spot the dreariness of the rest of the building became a stately melancholy. Harding looked down. His foot was resting on the inscribed stone which marked the entrance to that silent, airless place of skeletons and shadows, compared to which even this dim corner, with its mute assemblage, was yet the upper world of light and life. If he worked, if fortune favored him, if he succeeded beyond all reasonable hope, if he were indeed predestined to triumph, that little stone might one day be lifted for him.

The windows darkened momentarily with the coming of the tempest. Through the dim diamond panes the masses of the yew-trees were seen, and their movement was like the stirring of vast black wings. The effigies of the dead men frowned in the deepening gloom, and their young descendant folded his arms, and leaned against the high pew, with a slant gleam of light on his pale Rothwell face. Barbara went restlessly and yet cautiously up and down the central aisle, and paused by the reading-desk to turn the leaves of the great old-fashioned Prayer-book which lay there. When its cover was lifted it exhaled a faint odor, as of the dead Sundays of a century and more. While she lingered, lightly conscious of the lapse of vague years, reading petitions for the

welfare of "Thy servant *GEORGE*, our most gracious King and Governour," "her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family," the page grew indistinct in the threatening twilight, as if it would withdraw itself from her idle curiosity. She looked up with a shiver, as overhead and around burst the multitudinous noises of the storm, the rain gushing on the leaden roof, the water streaming drearily from the gutters to beat on the earth below, and, in a few moments, the quick, monotonous fall of drops through a leak close by. This lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then the sky grew lighter, the downpour slackened, a sense of over-shadowing oppression seemed to pass away, and St. Michael and his dragon brightened cheerfully. Barbara went to the door and threw it open, and a breath of fresh air came in with a chilly smell of rain.

As she stood in the low archway she heard Harding's step on the pavement behind her. It was more alert and decided than usual, and when she turned he met her glance with a smile.

"Well?" she said. "I didn't like to disturb you, you looked so serious."

"I was thinking," he admitted. "And it was a rather serious occasion. My people are not very cheerful company."

"And now you have thought?"

"Yes," he said, still smiling. "Yes, I have thought — seriously, with my serious friends yonder."

Barbara, as she stood, with her fingers closed on the heavy handle of the door, and her face turned towards Harding, fixed her eyes intently on his.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You have made up your mind to come back to Mitchelhurst."

"Who knows?" said he. "I'm not sanguine, but we'll see what time and fortune have to say to it. At any rate my people are patient enough — they'll wait for me!"

To the girl, longing for a romance, the idea of the young man's resolution was delightful. She looked at him with a little quivering thrill of impatience, as if she would have had him do something towards the great end that very moment. Her small, uplifted face was flushed, and her eyes were like stars. The brightening light outside shone on the soft brown velvet of her dress, and something in her eager, lightly poised attitude gave Reynold the impression of a dainty, brown-plumaged, bright-eyed bird, ready for

instant flight. He almost stretched an instinctive hand to grasp and detain her, lest she should loose her hold of the iron ring and be gone.

"I know you will succeed — you will come back!" she exclaimed. "How long first, I wonder?"

"*Shall* I succeed?" said Reynold, half to himself, but half-questioning her to win the sweet, unconscious assurance, which meant so little, yet mocked so deep a meaning.

"Yes!" she replied. "You will! You must be master here."

Master! She might have put it in a dozen different ways, and found no word to waken the swift, meaning flash in his eyes which that word did. Her pulses did not quicken, she perfectly understood that he was thinking of Mitchelhurst. She could not understand what mere dead earth and stone Mitchelhurst was to the man at her side.

● "You will have to restore the church one of these days," she said.

Harding nodded.

"Certainly. But it will be very ugly, anyhow."

"Well, at least you must have the roof mended. And now, please, will you get the key? It is on the ledge of that pew just across the aisle. I think we had better be going — it has almost left off raining."

She stepped outside and put up her umbrella, while he locked up his ancestors, smiling grimly. It seemed rather unnecessary to turn the key on the family party in that dusty little corner. They were quiet folks, and, as he had said, they would wait for him and his fortune not impatiently. If he could have shut in the brightness of youth, the warmth and life and sweetness which alone could make the fortune worth having, if he could have come back in the hour of success to unfasten the door and find all there — then indeed his big key would have been a priceless talisman. Unfortunately one can shut nothing safely away that is not dead. The old Rothwells were secure enough, but the rest was at the mercy of time and change, and all the winds that blow.

The pair were silent as they turned into Mitchelhurst Street. Reynold looked at the small, shabby houses, and noted the swinging sign of the Rothwell Arms, though his deeper thoughts were full of other things. But about half-way through the village he awoke to a sudden consciousness of eyes. Eyes peered through

small-paned windows, stared boldly from open doorways, met him inquisitively in the faces of loiterers on the path, or were lifted from the dull task of mending the road as he walked by with Barbara. He looked over his shoulder and found that other people were looking over their shoulders, after which he felt himself completely encompassed.

"People here seem interested," he remarked to Miss Strange, while a pale-faced, slatternly girl, with swiftly plaiting fingers, leaned forward to get a better view.

"Why, of course they are interested! You are a stranger, you know. It is quite an excitement for them."

"You call that an excitement?" said he.

"Yes. If you spent your life straw-plaiting in one of these cottages you would be excited if a stranger went by. It would be kinder of you if you did not walk so fast."

"No, no," said Harding, quickening his steps. "I don't profess philanthropy."

"Besides, you are not altogether a stranger," she went on. "I dare say they think you are one of the old family come to buy up the property."

"Why should they think anything of the kind?" he demanded incredulously.

"Well, they know you are staying at the Place. Every child in the street knows that. And, you see, Mr. Harding, nobody comes to Mitchelhurst without some special reason, so perhaps they have a right to be curious. I remember how they stared a few months ago—it was at a gentleman who was just walking down the road——"

"Indeed," said Harding. "And what was *his* special reason for coming? I suppose," he added quickly, "I've as good a right to be curious as other Mitchelhurst people."

"Oh, I don't know. He was a friend of Uncle Herbert's—he came to see him."

"And did *he* walk slowly from motives of pure kindness?" the young man persisted.

"Yes," said Barbara defiantly. "He stood stock still and looked at the straw-plaiting. I don't know about the kindness; perhaps he liked it."

"Well, I don't like it."

"But you needn't take such very long steps; these three cottages are the last. Do you know I'm very nearly running?"

Of course he slackened his pace and begged her pardon; but in so doing he

relapsed into the uneasy self-consciousness of their first interview. When they reached the gate of the avenue he held it open for her to pass, murmuring something about walking a bit further. Barbara looked at him in surprise, and then, with a little smiling nod, went away under the trees, wondering what was amiss. "I can't have offended him—how could I?" she said to herself, and she made up her mind that her new friend was certainly queer. It was the Rothwell temper, no doubt, and yet his awkward muttering had been more like the manner of a sullen schoolboy. A Rothwell should have been loftily superior, even if he were disagreeable. It was true, as Barbara reflected, almost in spite of herself, that Mr. Harding had no such hereditary obligation on the pork-butcher side of his pedigree.

Reynold had spoken out of the bitterness of his heart, and a bitter frankness is the frankest of all. But perhaps he had not shown his wisdom when he so quickly confided his grandfather to Miss Strange. Because we may have tact enough to choose the mood in which our friend shall listen to our secret, we are a little too apt to forget that the secret, once uttered, remains with him in all his moods. In this case the girl had been a sympathetic listener, but young Harding scarcely intended that the elder Reynold should be so vividly realized.

Later, when all outside the windows was growing blank and dark, Barbara went up to dress for dinner. She was nearly ready when there came a knock at her door, and she hurried, candle in hand, to open it. In the gloom of the passage stood the red-armed village girl who waited on her.

"Please, miss, the gentleman told me to give you this," said the messenger, awkwardly offering something which was only a formless mass in the darkness.

"What?" said Miss Strange, and turned the light upon it. The wavering little illumination fell on a confusion of autumn leaves, rich with their dying colors, and shining with rain. Among them, indistinctly, were berries of various kinds, hips and haws, and poison clusters of a deeper red, vanishing for a moment as the draught blew the candle flame aside, and then reappearing. One might have fancied them blood drops newly shed on the wet foliage.

"Oh!" Barbara exclaimed in surprise, and, after a moment's pause, "give them to me." She gathered them up, despite some thorny stems, with her disengaged

hand, and went back into her room. So that was the meaning of Mr. Harding's solitary walk! She stood by the table, delicately picking out the most vivid clusters, and trying their effect against the soft cloud of her hair, cloudier than ever in the dusk of her mirror. "I hope he hasn't been slipping into any more ditches!" she said to herself.

With that she sighed, for the thought recalled to her the melancholy of an autumnal landscape. She remembered an earlier gift, roses and myrtle, a summer gift, the giver of which had gone when the summer waned. She had seen him last on a hot September day. "We never said good-bye," Barbara thought, and let her hand hang with the berries in it. "He said he should not go till the beginning of October. When he came that afternoon and I was out, and he only saw uncle, I was sure he would come again. Well, I suppose he didn't care to. He could if he liked—a girl can't; there are lots of things a girl can't do; but a man can call if he pleases. Well, he must have gone away before now. And he didn't even write a line, he only sent a message by uncle, his kind regards—who wants his kind regards?—and he was sorry not to see me. Very well, my kind regards, and I'm sure I don't want to see him!"

She ended her meditations with an emphatic little nod, but the girl in the mirror who returned it had such a defiantly pouting face that she quite took Barbara by surprise.

"I'm not angry," Miss Strange declared to herself after a pause. "Not the least in the world. The idea is perfectly absurd. It was just a bit of the summer, and now the summer is gone." And so saying she put Mr. Harding's autumn berries in her hair, and fastened them at her throat, and, with her candle flickering dimly through the long dark passages, swept down to the yellow drawing-room to thank him for his gift.

CHAPTER VII.

A GAME OF CHESS.

WHEN Kate Rothwell promised to be Sidney Harding's wife she was very honestly in love with the handsome young fellow. But this happy frame of mind had been preceded by a period of revolt and disgust, when she did not know him, and had resolved vaguely on a marriage—any marriage—which should fulfil certain conditions. And that she should be in love with the man she married was not

one of them. In fact, the conditions were almost all negative ones. She had decreed that her husband should not be a conspicuous fool, should not be vicious, should not be repulsively vulgar, and should not be an unendurable bore. On the other hand he should be fairly well off. She did not demand a large fortune, she was inclined to rate the gift and prospect of making money as something more than the possession of a certain sum which its owner can do nothing but guard. Given a fairly educated man, and she felt that she would absolutely prefer that he should be engaged in some business which might grow and expand, stimulating the hopes and energies of all connected with it. The sterility and narrowness of life at Mitchelhurst had sickened her very soul. She was conscious of a fund of rebellious strength, and she demanded liberty to develop herself, liberty to live. She knew very well how women fared among the Rothwells. She had seen two of her father's sisters, faded spinsters, worshipping the family pride which had blighted them. Nobody wanted them, their one duty was to cost as little as possible. That they would not disgrace the Rothwell name was taken for granted. Kate used to look at their pinched and dreary faces, and recognize some remnants of beauty akin to her own. She listened to their talk, which was full of details of the pettiest economy, and remembered that these women had been intent on shillings and half-pence all their lives, that neither of them had ever had a five-pound note which she could spend as it pleased her. And their penurious saving had been for—what? Had it been for husband or child it would have been different, the half-pence would have been glorified. But they paid this lifelong penalty for the privilege of being the Misses Rothwell of Mitchelhurst. Life with them was simply a careful picking of their way along a downward slope to the family vault, and it was almost a comfort to think that the poor ladies were safely housed there, with their dignity intact, while Kate was yet in her teens.

Later came the little episode of Minnie Newton and her admirer. Kate perceived her brother's indifference to the girl's welfare, and the brutality of his revenge on the man whose crime was his habit of chinking the gold in his waistcoat pocket. Probably, with her finer instincts, she perceived all this more clearly than did John Rothwell himself. She did not actively intervene, because, in her contemptuous

strength, she felt very little pity for a couple whose fate was ostensibly in their own hands. Minnie was not even in love with Hayes, and Kate did not care to oppose her brother in order to force a pliant fool to accept a fortunate chance. She let events take their course, but she drew from them the lesson that her future depended on herself. And miserably as life at Mitchelhurst was maintained, she was, perhaps, the first of the family to see that the time drew near when it would not be possible to maintain it at all, partly from the natural tendency of all embarrassments to increase, and partly from John Rothwell's character. He could not be extravagant, but he had a dull impatience of his father's minute supervision. Kate made up her mind that the crash would come in her brother's reign.

She had already looked round the neighborhood of her home and found no deliverer there. Had there been any one otherwise suitable the Rothwell pride was so notorious that he would never have dreamed of approaching her. An invitation from a girl who had been a school friend offered a possible chance, and Kate coaxed the necessary funds from the old squire, defied her brother's grudging glances, and went, with a secret, passionate resolve to escape from Mitchelhurst forever. She saw no other way. She was not conscious of any special talent, and she said frankly to herself that she was not sufficiently well educated to be a governess. Moreover, the independence which achieves a scanty living was not her ideal. She was cramped, she was half starved, she wanted to stretch herself in the warmth of the world, and take its good things while she was young.

Fate might have decreed that she should meet Mr. Robert Harding, a successful man of business in the city, twenty years older than herself, slightly bald, rather stout, keen in his narrow range, but with very little perception of anything which lay right or left of the road by which he was travelling to fortune. The beautiful Miss Rothwell would have thanked fate and set to work to win him. But it is not only our good resolutions that are the sport of warring chances. Our unworthy schemes do not always ripen into fact. Kate did not meet Mr. Robert Harding, she met his brother Sidney, a tall, bright-eyed, red-lipped young fellow, with the world before him, and the pair fell in love as simply and freshly as if the croquet ground at Balaclava Lodge were the Garden of Eden, or a glade in Arcady. In a week

they were engaged to be married, and were both honestly ready to swear that no other marriage had ever been possible for either. To her he appeared with the golden light of the future about his head; to him she came with all the charm and shadowy romance of long descent, and of a poverty far statelier than newly won wealth. Friends reminded Sidney that with his liberal allowance from his brother, and his prospect of a partnership at twenty-five, he might have married a girl with money had he chosen. Friends also mentioned to Kate, with bated breath, that the Hardings' father, dead twenty years earlier, had been a pork-butcher. Sidney laughed, and Kate turned away in scorn. She was absolutely glad that she could make what the world considered a sacrifice for her darling.

At Mitchelhurst her engagement, though not welcomed, was not strongly opposed. John Rothwell sneered as much as he dared, but he knew his sister's temper, and it was too like his own for him to care to trifle with it. So he stood aside, very wisely, for there was a touch of the lioness about Kate with this new love of hers, and he saw mischief in the eyes that were so sweet while she was thinking about Sidney. It was at that time that she spoke her word of half-scornful sympathy to Herbert Hayes.

And in a year her married life, with all its tender and softening influences, was over. An accident had killed Sidney Harding before he was twenty-five, before his child was born, and Kate was left alone in comparatively straitened circumstances. For her child's sake she endured her sorrow, demanding almost fiercely of God that he would give her a son to grow up like his dead father, and when the boy was born she called him Reynold. Sidney was too sacred a name; there could be but one Sidney Harding for her, but she remembered that he had once said that he wished he had been called Reynold, after his father.

It was pathetic to see her dark eyes fixed upon the baby features, trying to trace something of Sidney in them, trying hard not to realize that it was her own likeness that was stamped upon her child. "He is darker, of course," she used to say, "but ——" He could not be utterly unlike his father, this child of her heart's desire! It was not possible — it must not be — it would be too monstrous a cruelty. But month by month, and year by year, the little one grew into her remembrance of her brother's solitary boyhood, and

faced her with a moody temper that mocked her own. No one knew how long she waited for a tone or a glance which should remind her of her dead love, remind her of anything but the old days that she hated. None ever came. The boy grew tall and slim, handsome after the Rothwell type, with a curious instinctive avidity for any details connected with Mitchelhurst and his mother's people. He would not confess his interest, but she divined it and disliked it. And Reynold, on his side, unconsciously resented her eternal unspoken demand for something which he could not give. He would scowl at her over his shoulder, irritated by his certainty that her unsatisfied eyes were upon him. Mother and son were so fatally alike that they chafed each other continually. Every outbreak of temper was a pitched battle, the combatants knew the ground on which they fought, and every barbed speech was scientifically planted where it would rankle most.

A crisis came when it was decided that Reynold should leave school and go into his uncle's office. The boy did not oppose it by so much as a word; but as he stood, erect and silent, while Mr. Harding enlarged on his prospects, he looked aside for a moment, and Kate's keener eyes caught his contemptuous glance. To her it was an oblique ray, revealing his soul. He despised the Hardings; he was ashamed of his father's name. She did not speak, but in that moment with a pang of furious anguish she chose once and forever between her husband and her son, and sealed up all her tenderness in Sidney's grave.

Reynold's stay in Robert Harding's office was short, but it was not unsatisfactory while it lasted. He never professed to like his work, but he went resignedly through the daily routine. He was not bright or interested, but he was intelligent. What was explained to him he understood, what was told him he remembered, as a mere matter of course. He acquiesced in his life in a city counting-house, as his grandfather at Mitchelhurst had acquiesced in his narrow existence there. It seemed as if the men of the family were apathetic and weary by nature, and only Kate had had energy enough to revolt.

An unexpected chance, the freak of a rich old man who had business relations with Robert Harding, and who remembered Sidney, made Reynold the possessor of a small legacy a few months after he had entered his uncle's service.

He at once announced his intention of going to Oxford. Of course, as he said, without his mother's consent he could not go till he was of age, and if she chose to refuse it he must wait. Kate hesitated, but Mr. Harding, who was full of schemes for the advancement of his own son, did not care for an unwilling recruit, and the young fellow was coldly permitted to have his way. His mother, in spite of her disapproval, watched his course with an interest which she would never acknowledge. Was he really going to achieve success in his own fashion, perhaps to make the name she loved illustrious?

Nothing was ever more commonplace and unnoticeable than Reynold's university career. He spent his legacy, and came back as little changed as possible. It seemed as if he had felt that he owed himself the education of a gentleman, and had paid the debt, as a mere matter of course, as soon as he had the means. "What do you propose to do now?" Kate inquired. He answered listlessly that he had secured a situation as under-master in a school. And for three or four years he had maintained himself thus, making use of his mother's house in holiday time, or in any interval between two engagements, but never taking anything in the shape of actual coin from her. She suspected that he hated his drudgery, but he never spoke of it.

Thus matters might have remained if it had not been for Robert Harding's son. The old man, whose dream had been to found a great house of business which should bear his name when he was gone, was unlucky enough to have an idle fool for his heir. Reynold's record was not brilliant, but it showed blamelessly by the side of his cousin's folly and extravagance. Mr. Harding hinted more than once that his nephew might come back if he would, but his hints did not seem to be understood. Little by little it became a fixed idea with him that Reynold alone could save the name of Harding, and keep his cousin from utter ruin. He recognized a kind of scornful probity in his nephew, which would secure Gerald's safety in his hands, and perhaps he exaggerated the promise of Reynold's boyhood. At last he stooped to actual solicitation. Kate gave the letter to her son, silently, but with a breathless question in her eyes.

The old man offered terms which were almost absurdly liberal, but he tried to mask his humiliation by clothing the proposal in dictatorial speech. He gave Rey-

nold a clear week in which to consider his reply, and almost commanded him to take that week. But Mr. Harding wrote, if in ten days he had not signified his acceptance, the situation would be filled up. He should give it, with the promise of the partnership, to a distant connection of his wife's. "Understand," said the final sentence, "that I speak of this matter for the first and last time."

"I think," said Reynold, looking round for writing materials, "that I had better answer this at once."

"Not to say no!" cried Kate. "You shall not!" She stood before him, darkly imperious, with outstretched hand. It seemed to her as if the whole house of Harding appealed to her son for help. He was asked to do the work that Sidney would have done if he had lived. "You shall not insult him by refusing his offer without a moment's thought—I forbid it!" she exclaimed.

"Very well," said Reynold. "I will wait." He turned aside to the fireplace, and stood gazing at the dull red coals.

His mother followed him with her glance, and after a moment's silence she made an effort to speak more gently. "He is your father's brother," she said.

"Yes," Reynold replied, in an absent tone. "Such an offer couldn't come from the other side."

The words were a simple statement of fact, the utterance was absolutely expressionless, but a sudden flame leapt into Kate's eyes. "Answer when and as you please!" she cried. Her son said nothing.

He was waiting at the time to hear about a tutorship which had been mentioned to him. The matter was not likely to be settled immediately, and the next morning he appeared with his bag in his hand, and announced that he was going into the country for a few days, and would send his address. In due time the letter came with "Mitchelhurst" stamped boldly on it, like a defiance.

When Barbara Strange bade young Harding go and make his fortune, she did not know the curious potency of her advice. The words fell, like a gleam of summer sunshine, across a world of stony antagonisms and smouldering fires. And, with all the bright unconsciousness of sunshine, they transformed it into a place of life and hope. She had called her little cross her talisman, but Harding's talisman—for there are such things—was the folded letter in his pocket-book. As she stood beside him, flushed, eager, radiant, pleading with him, "Could not you care

for Mitchelhurst, if—"she awakened a sudden craving for action, a sudden desire of possession in his ice-bound heart. To any other woman he could have been only Reynold Harding, a penniless tutor, recognized, perhaps, as a kind of degenerate offshoot of the Rothwell tree. But to Barbara he was the one remaining hope of the old family of which she had thought so much; he was the king who was to enjoy his own again, and her shining glances bade him go and conquer his kingdom without delay. And in Mitchelhurst Church, as he stood among his dead people, with the rain beating heavily on

The lichen-crusted leads above,

he had made up his mind. He would cast in his lot with the Hardings till he should have earned the right to come back to the Rothwells' inheritance. He would do it, but not for the Rothwells' sake—for a sweeter sake, breathing and moving beside him in that place of tombs. He looked up at the marble countenance of his wigged ancestor, considering it thoughtfully, yet not asking himself if that dignified personage would have approved of his resolution. Reynold, as he stared at the aquiline features, wondered idly whether the lean-faced gentleman had ever known and loved a Barbara Strange, and whether he had kissed her with those thin, curved lips of his. Of course they were not as grimy and pale in real life as in their sculptured likeness. And yet it was difficult to picture him alive, with blood in his veins, stooping to anything as warm and sweet as Barbara's damask-rose mouth. It seemed to Reynold that only he and Barbara, in all the world, were truly alive, and he only since he had known her.

When he went back into the lanes alone, after leaving her at the gate, the full meaning of the decision which had swiftly and strangely reversed the whole drift of his life rushed upon him and bewildered him. He hastened away like one in a dream. It was as if he had broken through an encircling wall into light and air. Ever since his boyhood he had held his fancy tightly curbed, he had reminded himself by night and day that he had nothing, was nothing, would be nothing; in his fierce rejection of empty dreams he had chosen always to turn his eyes from the wonderful labyrinthine world about him, and to fix them on the dull, grey thread of his hopeless life. Now for the first time in his remembrance he relaxed his grasp, and his fancy, freed

from all control, flashed forward to visions of love and wealth. He let it go — why should he hinder it, since he had resolved to follow where it led? In this sudden exaltation his resolution seemed half realized in its very conception, and as he gathered the berries from the darkening hedgerows he felt as if they were his own, the first-fruits of his inheritance. He hurried from briar to briar under the pale evening sky, tearing the rain-washed sprays from their stems, hardly recognizing himself in the man who was so defiantly exultant in his self-abandonment. Nothing seemed out of reach, nothing seemed impossible. When the darkness overtook him he went back with a triumphant rhythm in his swinging stride, feeling as if he could have gathered the very stars out of the sky for Barbara.

This towering mood did not last. It was in the nature of things that such loftiness should be insecure, and indeed Reynold could hardly have made a successful man of business had it been permanent. It would not do to add up Barbara and the stars in every column of figures. But the very fact of passing from the open heavens to the shelter of a roof had a sobering effect, the process of dressing for dinner recalled all the commonplace necessities of life, and in his haste he had a difficulty with his white necktie, which was distinctly a disenchantment. The shyness and reserve which were the growth of years could not be shaken off in a moment of passion. They closed round him more oppressively than ever when he found himself in the yellow drawing-room, face to face with Mr. Hayes, and, being questioned about his walk, he answered stiffly and coldly, and then was silent. Yet enough of the exaltation remained to kindle his eyes, though his lips were speechless, when he caught sight of Barbara standing by the fireside, with a cluster of blood-red berries in her hair, and another nestling in the dusky folds of lace close to her white throat. The vivid points of color held his fascinated gaze, and seemed to him like glowing kisses.

He had a game of chess with his host after dinner. As a rule he was a slow and meditative player, scanning the pieces doubtfully, and suspecting a snare in every promising chance. But that evening he played as if by instinct, without hesitation. Everything was clear to him, and he pressed his adversary closely. Mr. Hayes frowned over his calculations, apprehending defeat, though the game as yet had taken no decisive turn. Pres-

ently Barbara came softly sweeping towards them in her black draperies, set down her uncle's coffee-cup at his elbow, and paused by Harding's side to watch the contest. Her presence sent a thrill through him which disturbed his clear perception of the game. It made a bright confusion in his mind, such as a ripple makes in lucid waters. He put out his hand mechanically towards the pawn which he had previously determined to move.

"Dear me!" said Barbara, strong in the traditional superiority of the lookeron, "why don't you move your bishop?"

Reynold moved his bishop.

Quick as lightning Mr. Hayes made his answering move, and when it was an accomplished fact, he said, —

"Thank you, Barbara."

Reynold and Barbara looked at each other. The aspect of affairs was entirely changed. A white knight occupied a previously guarded square, and simply offered a ruinous choice of calamities.

"Oh, what have I done?" the girl exclaimed.

Reynold laughed his little rough-edged laugh.

"Nothing," he said. "Don't blame yourself, Miss Strange. You only asked me why I didn't move my bishop. I ought to have explained why I *didn't*. Instead of which I — *did*. It certainly wasn't your fault."

Barbara lingered and bit her under-lip as she gazed at the board.

"I've spoilt your game," she said remorsefully. "I think I'd better go now I've done the mischief."

"No, don't go!" Harding exclaimed, and Mr. Hayes, rubbing his hands, chimed in with a mocking, —

"No, don't go, Barbara!"

The girl looked down with an angry spark in her eyes.

"Well, I'll give you some coffee," she said to the young man; "you haven't had any yet."

"And then come back, Barbara!" her uncle persisted.

She did come back, flushed and defiant, determined to fight the battle to the last. But for her obstinacy Mr. Hayes would have had an easy triumph, for young Harding's defence collapsed utterly. Apparently he could not play a losing game, and a single knock-down blow discouraged him once for all. Barbara, taking her place by his side, showed twice his spirit, and at one time seemed almost as if she were about to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Mr. Hayes ceased to taunt her, and sat

with a puckered forehead considering his moves. He kept his advantage, however, in spite of all she could do, and presently unclosed his lips to say "Check!" at intervals. But it was not till he had uttered the fatal "Mate!" that his face relaxed. Then he got up, and made his niece a little bow.

"Thank you, Barbara!" he said, and walked away to the fireplace.

The young people remained where he had left them. Barbara trifled with the chessmen, moving them capriciously here and there. Reynold, with his head on his hand, did not lift his eyes above the level of the board, but watched her slim fingers as they slipped from piece to piece, or lingered on the red-stained ivory. She brought back all their slain combatants, and set them up upon the battle-field.

"I wish I hadn't meddled!" she said suddenly. "I spoilt your game."

She spoke in a low voice, and Reynold answered in the same tone, —

"What *did* it matter?"

"No, but I hate to be beaten. I wanted you to win."

"Well," said he, still with his head down, "you set me to play a bigger game to-day."

"Ah!" said Barbara decidedly. "I won't meddle with that!"

"No?" he said, looking up with a half-hinted smile. Her cheeks were still burning with the excitement of her long struggle, and her bright eyes met his questioning glance.

"Perhaps you think I can't help meddling?" she suggested.

"Perhaps you can't. You are superstitious, aren't you? You believe in amulets and that kind of thing — or half believe. Perhaps you are foredoomed to meddle, and destiny won't let you set me down to the game and go quietly away."

Barbara was holding the king between her fingers. She replaced it on its square so absently, while she looked at Reynold, that it fell. His words seemed to trouble her.

"Well, if this game is an omen, you had better not *let* me meddle," she said at last.

"How am I to help it?"

"Thank you!" she exclaimed resentfully; "I'm not so eager to interfere in your affairs as you seem to take for granted!"

"Indeed I thought nothing of the kind. I thought we were talking of destiny. And, you see, you were good enough to take a little interest this afternoon."

She uttered a half reluctant yes. She had a dim feeling that she was, in some inexplicable way, becoming involved in young Harding's fortunes.

The notion half frightened, half fascinated her. When they began their low-voiced talk she had unconsciously leaned a little towards him. Now she did not precisely withdraw, but she lifted her face, and there was a touch of shy defiance in the poise of her head.

Mr. Hayes, as he stood by the fire, was warming first one little polished shoe, and then the other, and contemplating the blazing logs.

"Barbara," he said suddenly, "did we have this wood from Jackson? It burns much better than the last."

Barbara was the little housekeeper again in a moment. She crossed the room, and explained that it was not Jackson's wood, but some of a load which Mr. Green had asked them to take. "You said I could do as I pleased," she added, "and I thought they looked very nice logs when they came."

"Green — ah! Jacob Green knows what he's about. Made you pay, I dare say. No, no matter." The girl's eyes had gone to a little table, where an account-book peeped out from under a bit of colored embroidery. "I'm not complaining; I don't care about a few extra shillings, if things are good. Get Green to send you some more when this is burnt out."

Reynold had risen when Barbara left him, and after lingering for a moment, a tall black and white figure in the lamplight by the chess-board, he followed her, and took up his position on the rug. The interruption to their talk had been unwelcome, but it was not, in itself, unpleasant. He liked to see Barbara playing the part of the lady of the Place. It was a sweet foreshadowing of the home, the dear home, that should one day be. There should be logs enough on the hearths of Mitchelhurst in October nights to come, and, though the fields and copes round might be wet and chill, the old house should be filled to overflowing with brightness and warmth and love. Some wayfarer, plodding along the dark road, would pause and look up the avenue, and see the lights shining in the windows beyond the leafless trees. Reynold pictured this, and pictured the man's feelings as he gazed. It was curious how, by a kind of instinct, he put himself in the outsider's place. He did not know that he always did so, but in truth he had never dreamed anything for himself till Barbara

taught him, and his old way of looking at life was not to be unlearned in a day. Still he was happy enough as he stood there, staring at the fire, and thinking of those illuminated windows.

He could not sleep when he went to bed that night. The head which he laid on the chilly softness of his pillow was full of a joyous riot of waking visions, and he closed his eyes on the shadows only to see a girl's shining glances and rose-flushed cheeks.

From The Scottish Review.

THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET.*

It has long been matter for regret that so little should be known of the life of our great saint and queen, and that the only authentic record of her virtues should exist in a form unavailable to the general reader. We therefore rejoice to see "St. Margaret's Life" written by her confessor, the learned and pious Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the admirable translation which heads this article. This little work is not only interesting from the simple and beautiful description of the saint's daily life by one who witnessed it, and instructive from the light it throws on the state of Scotland and the Church towards the latter part of the eleventh century; it is also one of the first really authentic histories we possess, and as such has been often referred to by later historians.

Turgot appears to have been a Saxon of good birth, who, during the troubles in England, was offered as a hostage to William the Conqueror, by whom he was imprisoned in the castle of Lincoln, from whence he escaped and fled to Norway. In his exile he was employed to instruct the holy king and martyr Olave in sacred literature. The example shown by his royal pupil greatly influenced Turgot, so that he also strove to withdraw his heart more and more from the world. Having on his return to his native land lost all his worldly goods and been in great danger of losing his life, he realized still more deeply the nothingness of this world. Having resolved to devote his life to God in the cloister, he asked for admittance

into the monastery of Durham, where his great piety and learning led to his being eventually chosen as prior. After Margaret Atheling had become queen of Scotland, she prayed him to be her confessor, and he remained her constant guide and adviser until close upon the end of her life. After the queen's death Turgot continued to devote himself to the service of her family, remaining with Matilda of Scotland after her marriage with Henry I. It is to this princess, the worthy inheritor of her mother's virtues, that we owe the "Life" in which Turgot committed to writing his recollections of the saint. He prefaces his narrative by a letter to Matilda, in which, after saluting her with wishes for her welfare, spiritual and temporal, he thus continues:—

You have by the request you made to me commanded me, for a request of yours is to me a command, to offer you in writing the story of the life of your mother, whose memory is held in veneration. How acceptable that life was to God you have often heard by the concordant praise of many. You remind me how in this matter my evidence is especially trustworthy, since (thanks to her great and familiar intercourse with me) you have understood that I am acquainted with the most part of her secrets. These your commands and wishes I willingly obey: nay, more, I venerate them exceedingly and I respectfully congratulate you—whom the King of the Angels has raised to the rank of Queen of England—on this, that you desire not only to hear about the life of your mother, who ever yearned after the Kingdom of the Angels, but further to have it continually before your eyes in writing in order that, although you were but little familiar with her face, you might at least have a perfect acquaintance with her virtues. For my part, my own wish inclines me to do what you bid, but I have, I do own, a lack of ability: as the materials forsooth for this undertaking are more than my writing or my words can avail to set forth.

He concludes by again stating the difficulty he finds in doing justice to the greatness of his subject, and, assuring Matilda that far from exaggerating the saint's virtues, he omits many things, fearing that they might be thought incredible, and he himself accused of "decking out the crow in the Swan's Plumage."

Margaret, this precious pearl, as Turgot styles her, came of a kingly race, and many of her ancestors were famous as wise and valiant rulers of their people as well as for holiness of life. Granddaughter of Edward Ironside, she was the eldest of the three children of Edward Atheling, surnamed Outre-Mer, from the

* *The Life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.* By TURGOT, Bishop of St. Andrews. Translated from the Latin by WM. FORBES-LEITH, S.J. Edinburgh, 1884.

As regards the question of the authorship of the "Life," we refer our readers to F. Forbes-Leith's Preface. We have followed his decision in ascribing it to Turgot.

fact that the chief part of his life was passed in exile in a foreign land. In his infancy Edward had been sent by the usurper Canute to Volgar, who governed part of Sweden, in order that he might be made away with; but Volgar, more merciful, determined to save the child's life, and sent him secretly to the court of the king of Hungary, who received him with great kindness and charity, and had him brought up as if he had been one of his own children. When Edward had attained to manhood he so distinguished himself as to obtain the hand of the princess Agatha, who, it is conjectured, was the niece of the emperor Henry II. of Germany. Of this marriage was born a son, Edgar, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina. Margaret's birth probably took place in the year 1046 at Alba the royal, the chief residence of the kings of Hungary.

For nine years our saint had lived in the foreign court, which yet was a very home to her, when her father, being recalled to England by his uncle, St. Edward the Confessor, returned to his native country accompanied by his wife and children. At the court of Edward this noble family were received with all honor and affection, and the years that followed must have been peaceful and happy. Margaret, early instructed in piety and knowledge, thus grew up in the unworldly court of her uncle, whose influence, united with that of his Queen Editha, must have greatly strengthened the pious teaching of her own parents; and we may conclude that it was there that she learned by such noble examples how to show love and reverence to God's poor in their wants both of soul and body. From her infancy Margaret had shown that she was no common child; endowed as she was with many mental gifts, clearness of intellect, and great facility in expressing her thoughts in elegant language, her studies presented few difficulties to her, and she became one of the most accomplished princesses of her time. But her chief wish and aim was to serve God as perfectly as she was able; and so, even in her earliest years, "loving God above all things," as her biographers tell us, she spent much time in prayer and the study of Holy Scripture, and, in the midst of a court, led a very strict life. In all this she was preparing herself unconsciously for the high duties which awaited her.

And now, leaving the saint for a while, it may be well to learn what we may of the character of the king of Scotland, her future husband. Malcolm, eldest son of

Duncan, spent his childhood in retirement and obscurity, concealed by faithful friends from the vengeance of the usurper, and the murderer of his father, Macbeth. As he grew up, however, he was received at the court of St. Edward the Confessor, who showed a paternal interest in his welfare; and it was no doubt owing to his care that Malcolm became proficient in those knightly exercises which enabled him in after life to distinguish himself as a valiant warrior as well as a wise and able monarch. It is probable that it was during these years that Malcolm first saw his future bride, and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that he had thus already become attracted by her many graces of mind and person, before the time came when he could beg her to share his throne.

Some years had gone by since Malcolm had been restored to his father's throne, and England had passed through stormy days, when the successes of William the Conqueror forced Edgar Atheling, the last Saxon prince of the royal line, to leave the country with his mother and sisters. Taking ship, they, together with many of their followers, intended passing to Hungary, to which country many grateful ties still bound them; but Providence had other views for the royal fugitives. Meeting with adverse weather, and being unable to proceed further on their voyage, they were forced to take refuge on the shores of Scotland, where the place of their landing still bears the name of St. Margaret's Hope.

As soon as Malcolm received news of the arrival and destitute condition of his royal friends, he hastened to assure them of his sympathy and bid them welcome to his kingdom, entertaining them most honorably at his palace of Dunfermline.

We learn that the king soon became most desirous of making the princess Margaret his wife; but at first he met with strong opposition to his suit, not only from Edgar and his nobles, but also from Margaret herself, who wished to consecrate her life to God in the cloister. However, it would appear that Edgar did not dare eventually to refuse his friend and benefactor's wishes, for, being so urged, the Saxon chronicler says, "he answered yea and durst not otherwise, for they were come into his power." And no doubt Margaret submitted herself humbly to her brother's decision, perceiving that it was the will of God that she should serve him in the married state.

The exact date of the marriage is un-

certain, but it seems most probably to have taken place in 1068-69. The ceremony was performed at Dunfermline, where the queen afterwards founded the stately Church of the Holy Trinity to commemorate the event; it was to be in after years the last resting-place of herself, her husband, and many of their descendants.

Margaret, being now raised to the greatest earthly dignity, was not on that account moved to alter her former desires of serving God in every way possible, and set herself, to this end, to perform those duties most suited to her new state. She desired to find a wise and prudent adviser to aid her in ruling her daily life, and in Turgot she found one who worthily performed this office, as we know, for many years. The queen's first care was to perform her duties as a loving wife and helpmate to the king, her husband, and it is beautiful to see how she used her gentle influence for his good and that of his people, to whom she was ever a very mother. She persuaded the king to be more attentive to the care of his soul; and, although his early life had not been blameless, he became from this time more earnest in prayer and good works, especially those of mercy, justice, and alms-deeds, and showed such sorrow for his sins, that Turgot says it was a marvel to see such repentance in one living in the world. The description of Malcolm's devotion to his queen is so charming and simple that we must give it in the words of her biographer:—

There was in him [the king] a sort of dread of offending one whose life was so venerable, for he could not but perceive from her conduct that Christ dwelt within her; nay more, he readily obeyed her wishes and prudent counsels, in all things. Whatever she refused, he refused also; whatever pleased her, he also loved for the love of her. Hence it was, that although he could not read, he would turn over and examine books which she used either for her devotions or her study, and, whenever he heard her say that she was fonder of one of them than the others, this one he too used to look at with special affection, kissing it, and often taking it into his hands. Sometimes he sent for a worker in precious metals, whom he commanded to ornament that volume with gold and gems, and when the work was finished the King himself used to carry the volume to the Queen as a kind proof of his devotion.

The queen, being thus encouraged and aided by the support of her husband, soon effected great changes at court, and so regulated the conduct of those who surrounded herself and the king that the

palace offered the brightest example to all the nation.

By her sweet and gentle manner and mild reproof, she acquired such influence that all, "men as well as women, loved her while they feared her, and in fearing, loved her; and in her presence no one dared say or do aught that was wrong." Skilled in the use of the needle and embroidery of all kinds, the queen devoted some of her time to adorning vestments for the churches, and Turgot tells us that in her chamber were always to be seen such tokens of her industry. The charge of these works was confided to ladies of high birth and approved conduct.

Nor was Margaret neglectful of the outward customs and ceremonies of royal pomp so necessary to the maintenance of the kingly dignity. She it was who so arranged that a nobler class of persons should attend the king whenever he went abroad, and this was carried out with so much order that none were ever suffered to injure or take anything belonging to the poor people of the country. The queen also encouraged the nobles of the court to dress in a manner more suitable to their rank, causing merchants from other countries to introduce materials for this purpose, such as had been hitherto unknown in Scotland. Anxious that the royal table should be served with becoming splendor, she also introduced the use of dishes and cups of precious metals. But, although the queen made these changes from the sense of what was right and suitable for her royal husband's court, she herself was not uplifted, but remained humble in heart, despising the things of this world and, as her biographer tells us, even while she appeared in regal state, "she, like another Esther, in her heart trod all these trappings under foot, and bade herself remember that beneath the gems of gold there was but dust and ashes." She meditated constantly on the shortness of life and on the judgments of God, and used to urge her confessor to spare no pains to point out to her her faults; and, as he did this less often than she wished, she would reproach him for what she termed his slackness in this respect, urging him to reprove her and to use no flattery in her regard.

Malcolm and his queen were blessed with eight children, and the saint so trained them that they were the worthy children of such parents. They were instructed in all virtue from their earliest years, and no pains were spared in their education; and, desiring that they should

not be unduly indulged, the queen charged the governor of the royal nursery to see that they were punished when they were naughty, "which," as remarks Turgot, "frolicsome childhood will often be." Owing to their mother's care, the royal children were loving and peaceable with each other, and in good behavior surpassed many who were their seniors in years, and everywhere the younger paid due respect to the elder. The saint often spoke to her children of the things of God in a manner suitable to their age, and urged them to love him, saying, "Oh, my children, fear the Lord, for they who fear him shall lack nothing, and if you love him, he will give you, my darlings, prosperity in this life and everlasting happiness." This was her dearest wish for her children, and she ceased not to pray that their lives might be acceptable to God and that they might be worthy to attain to eternal blessedness.

Not content with doing her duty to her own family, the queen showed herself a true mother to her subjects. Persuaded that one of the surest ways of testifying love of God is shown by tender charity to his poor, she spent herself in their service. She desired that the poor should ever have access to her, and when she went abroad they were encouraged freely to approach her. There is still shown a stone on the road to Dunfermline which bears her name, and which tradition points out as being one of the spots where she used to sit and receive all who needed her compassionate assistance. The news of the great charity shown by their queen was soon noised abroad in the whole kingdom, and crowds of distressed persons hastened to the royal palace, where they were treated with the greatest kindness.

Like another saintly princess, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, it was the queen's joy, for the love of God, to attend in person to the wants of the sick and suffering, and in these deeds of mercy the king cheerfully joined. In Lent the royal pair redoubled their acts of charity, and Turgot tell us how each morning they washed the feet of six poor persons, and daily fed three hundred in one of the halls of the palace, waiting on them themselves. The queen daily supported twenty-four poor people throughout the year, and spent her substance in relieving the wants of all who came near her, so that she was herself as poor as her own poor subjects, not having even the desire to possess aught. When her own means failed she was wont play-

fully to take money from the king's purse, which he as pleasantly permitted, sometimes pretending, when he caught her in the act, that he would have her arrested for these pious thefts. The queen had the greatest sympathy for captives, and all those who were exiles from their native land, and it is impossible to say how many she restored to liberty; for this purpose she employed trustworthy persons to discover the most miserable among the prisoners and slaves, and having done so, hastened to ransom them. Doubtless her mother's heart yearned in a special manner to poor and helpless children, for we learn that she often had little orphans brought to her own chamber, where she would feed them herself.

The many duties of her state and these acts of charity in no way interfered with the saint's devotion to prayer and meditation. In the midst of so much external occupation her heart was full of the thought of God, and she spent her spare time in prayer, not only by day, but by night, rising to devote hours to praise and adore her Lord in the church, and in this she was often accompanied by the king. Devoted to the study of Holy Scripture, she used earnestly to urge Turgot to procure for her copies of the sacred volumes; no less for her own benefit than for the comfort and instruction of those around her. Turgot relates a pretty story of what befell one of her books, for which she had a special affection. It was a copy of the Gospels beautifully bound and enriched with gold and precious stones. During one of the queen's journeys, the attendant who was carrying this book let it fall into a stream, and, not knowing what had happened, proceeded on his way. When the loss was discovered, diligent search was made, and the book was found lying in the bed of the river, whence it was taken up "so perfect, so uninjured, so free from damage, that it looked as if it had not been touched by the water." When it was restored to the queen she returned thanks to God, and valued the book more even than before.

Margaret, whose tender heart was moved with such charity for the bodily wants of her people, had a still greater desire for their spiritual good. Being pained at perceiving certain grave abuses in her new country, such as the neglect of the Sunday, the practice of unlawful marriages, and divers other points in which the Church in Scotland did not conform to the universal Church, she so wrought with the king, that he, agreeing willingly to all

her desires, and understanding the necessity of reform, held councils of the chief ecclesiastics and nobles of the realm for the purpose of discussing these grave questions. The queen was present on these occasions, and full of zeal for the greater glory of God, stated what she observed; the king acting as her interpreter, having himself an equal knowledge both of the English and Scotch tongues.

The chief subjects discussed were those connected with the observance of the Lenten fast, the Liturgy, and the non-observance of the commandment of the Church that all should receive Holy Communion at Easter. As regards the fast of Lent, it appears to have been the custom at that time to begin the fast from the first Monday of Lent instead of the previous Wednesday, thus reducing the time to thirty-six days instead of forty. This custom, apparently tolerated in the early ages of the Church, was abrogated towards the close, at least, of the sixth century; and the full period of forty days was generally observed in the Western Church. St. Margaret, then, showed that, as they agreed in faith, so they should unite also in discipline with the Holy See. As regards the question of Easter Communion, on this subject our saint persuasively pointed out how sad and deplorable a thing it was to refrain from approaching the altar at the season appointed by the Church. To the argument advanced that sinners were unworthy of such a grace, and that they feared to offend God, and, in the words of the apostle, dreaded to eat and drink judgment to themselves, she showed how this did not apply to those who rightly prepared themselves by prayer, penance, and confession. Her words so touched her hearers that from that time they failed not to communicate devoutly at the holy season. It is difficult to say in what the "barbarous rite," alluded to by Saint Margaret's biographer, and which she strove to alter, consisted. The expression does not appear to apply, as some have thought, to the use of the vulgar tongue in the celebration of mass. If it is the ancient Ephesian liturgy which is referred to, and which was in use in some parts of Scotland, it seems probable that the Keledei or Culdees were alone permitted to retain it after St. Margaret's efforts had caused the Church of Scotland generally to follow the Roman rite.

The endeavors of the queen to promote the holiness and progress of the Church in Scotland in these and in all other matters were greatly blessed; so that Baro-

nus says of her, "that having found the Church of Scotland like a wild desert, she left it at her death in so flourishing a state that it resembled a well-cultivated, beautiful garden."

Having now briefly considered the life and exalted virtues of the queen, we approach the end of her holy career; and, as suffering in this life is ever the portion of those chosen souls who strive most nearly to imitate their divine model, so we find that Margaret's last days on earth were overshadowed with trials and afflictions. Sorrowful days for Scotland were at hand, and Turgot says that the queen had a foreknowledge of the evils to come, and of her own death. Some months before the end, she summoned Turgot to her, and related to him the history of her whole life, shedding as she did so floods of tears. Her compunction was so wonderful, and the tenderness of her conscience so manifest, that Turgot says he felt unworthy of being admitted to so intimate a friendship with one so holy; he thus concludes his account of this his last interview with the saint:—

When she had ended what she had to say about matters which were pressing, she then addressed herself to me, saying: "I now bid you farewell. I shall not continue much longer in this world, but you will live after me for a considerable time. There are two things which I beg of you. One is, that as long as you survive you will remember me in your prayers; the other is, that you will take some care about my sons and daughters. Lavish your affection upon them; teach them before all things to love and fear God; never cease instructing them. When you see any one of them exalted to the height of an earthly dignity, then, as at once his father and his master in the truest sense, go to him, warn him lest through means of a passing honor he become puffed up with pride, or offend God by avarice, or through prosperity in this world neglect the blessedness of the life which is eternal. These are the things," said she, "which I ask you—as in the sight of God, Who now is present along with us two—to promise me that you will carefully perform." At these words I once more burst into tears and promised her that I would carefully perform her wishes; for I did not dare to oppose one whom I heard thus unhesitatingly predict what was to come to pass. And the truth of her prediction is verified by present facts; since I survive her death, and I see her offspring elevated to dignity and honor. Thus, having ended the conference, and being about to return home, I bade the Queen my last farewell; for after that day I never saw her face in the flesh.

This parting with her valued friend and adviser must have been a trial to the

queen, but a far sadder one was before her. Malcolm had now reigned for thirty-five years, and the country had been prosperous under his wise and beneficent rule; and as the even course of a peaceful reign leaves little scope for the historian, so we find but few facts of the domestic history of this period, save that the king gradually incorporated the different provinces, of which the kingdom had hitherto been composed, into one monarchy, and at his death left Scotland in possession of the same southern frontier ever after retained. With regard to Malcolm's dealings with England, it would be foreign to our purpose to enter into the details of the various causes which led him to invade that country on five different occasions. The English chronicler speaks with bitterness of the savage way in which the Scottish king and his troops devastated the border country, and of the many captives carried back to Scotland. We have seen how Malcolm's gentle queen endeavored to mitigate their hard lot. The immediate cause which led Malcolm's final and fatal breach with England appears to have been a refusal on the part of William Rufus to fulfil the conditions of a treaty with the Scottish king, and the insult offered to the latter by requiring him to do homage as vassal to the English crown. In consequence of this affront, Malcolm once more prepared to invade the English border, and although the queen, as if foreseeing the fatal issue of events, strove to dissuade him from accompanying the troops in person, he on this occasion remained deaf to her entreaties, and they parted to meet no more in this world.

Margaret had been for some months in failing health, and indeed was seldom able to leave her bed. The account of her last days was preserved and given to Turgot by a priest who remained with her to the end, and to whom for his simplicity and holiness of life the queen was much attached. He relates that one day some time after this painful separation from her husband, and three days before her own death, the queen became sadder than usual, and turning to him, uttered these words: "Perhaps on this very day such a heavy calamity may befall the realm of Scotland as has not been for many ages past." Words only too surely realized, for on that day Malcolm and his son and apparent heir Edward were slain. Although accounts differ as to the place and manner of the Scottish king's death, all agree that there was treachery on the part of the English. The Scottish army

perished partly by the sword and partly by the inundations of the rivers, swollen by the heavy rains of winter, and as none of his faithful followers were left to do honor to their lord's remains, Malcolm's body was placed in a cart by the English, and buried at Tynemouth. Meanwhile the holy queen was drawing near her end; united as they had been in life, so were they in death; but three days were to elapse from the day of Malcolm's death before his queen should follow him. He was slain on November the thirteenth; and on the sixteenth, Margaret's weakness having slightly decreased, she was enabled to rise and assist at mass in her oratory, strengthening herself for her passage by receiving holy communion. Then returning to her bed, her former pains attacked her with renewed force. The disease increased, and death was at hand. The queen desired that the chaplains should remain near her reciting psalms; and, sending for the black cross, for which, as it contained a portion of the true cross, she had a special devotion, she, despite her excessive weakness, attempted to kiss it, and signing herself with it, continued steadfast in prayer. A short time had elapsed, and the queen had apparently become unconscious, when her second son, Prince Edgar, entered the room, the bearer of heavy tidings. Coming to announce the news of the death of his father and brother, what must have been his grief to find his beloved mother on her death-bed! Rousing herself at her son's entrance, the queen enquired for the king and Prince Edward. Edgar, loath to tell her the truth, and fearing to hasten her death, answered that they were well, but she, replying, said with a deep sigh, "I know it, my boy, I know it. By this holy cross, I adjure you to tell me the truth." Thus urged, Edgar related all, and concealed nothing from her, and Margaret, making her last great sacrifice, accepted the trial in all patience and resignation. Raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "I give praise and thanks to thee, Almighty God, for that thou hast been pleased that I should endure such deep sorrow at my departing, and I trust that by means of this suffering it is thy pleasure that I should be cleansed from some of the stains of my sins!" Then as death visibly approached, Margaret began to recite one of the prayers used by the priest during mass: "Lord Jesus Christ, who according to the will of the Father, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, hast by thy death given life to the world, de-

liver me." As she repeated these words "deliver me," her soul passed to the judgment seat of her God, whom she had striven to love and serve above all things. After her death a great beauty was observed upon her countenance, all traces of suffering having passed away, and she appeared rather as one who calmly slept than as a dead person.

The Chronicle of Mailros, one of the most authentic records we possess, states that the queen's blessed death took place in Edinburgh Castle. From thence her body was removed to the church erected by her at Dunfermline, and interred, as she had herself desired, opposite the altar. Later, the bodies of Malcolm and their son Edward were brought from Tyne-mouth and placed beside her.

Turgot's memoir ends here, and while we regret that he should not have entered more fully into many details which would have been of great interest, yet we have, in his vivid and truthful pages, as charming and edifying a picture of the life of a great and holy queen as perhaps exists anywhere; and no doubt this little volume will be read with interest as revealing the inner life of one with whose name we are so familiar; a name graven as it were on the history of our country, and even yet borne by many of the spots connected with her memory.

It may be interesting, before concluding, to cast a glance upon the history of Margaret's children, and to see how her teaching bore fruit in their lives. Five of her sons survived her, but Ethelred died shortly, and Edmund, the only one who appears to have been—and this for a short time only—unworthy of his family, died a penitent in an English cloister. The other three, Edgar, Alexander, and David, succeeded each other on their father's throne. Of the two princesses, their sisters, Matilda, the eldest, became the queen of Henry the First of England, thus uniting the royal Saxon line to that of the Norman dynasty. Her sister Mary was married to Eustace Count of Boulogne. Of her little is known, save that she was "a princess of singular piety towards God, and charity towards her neighbor." Her only child, Matilda, became the wife of King Stephen of England.

Of Matilda (queen of Henry First) much more is known, and those who study her life, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance she bears to her mother, especially in those practical acts of mercy to the poor for which she was famous. A

story is told which well illustrates this. One day her brother David, whilst visiting the English court, saw his sister employed in washing the feet of poor lepers, and kissing them. He asked her how the king, her husband, could bear to touch her lips after she had put them to such usage, to which she replied with a smile, "that she preferred the feet of the eternal King, to the lips of any mortal prince."

It would not be within the scope of the present article to enter fully into the history of the reigns of Margaret's sons; rather let us, following the same course in which we have endeavored to treat of their mother's life, state briefly the special personal characteristics of each. Of Edgar who, after some years, succeeded his father on the throne, Aelred tells us that he greatly resembled his kinsman, Edward the Confessor; his nature was sweet and amiable, and, incapable of harshness or tyranny towards his subjects, he ruled them with the utmost gentleness. Of Alexander, who succeeded his brother on the throne, Aelred gives a different account. Although kind and humble to the clergy, "he was to the rest of his subjects beyond everything terrible, a man of large heart, exerting himself in all things beyond his strength;" a man of learning, zealous in erecting churches, enriching them with the relics of saints, and in supplying them with sacred books; generous to strangers, and so full of love to the poor, that he seemed to like nothing so much as feeding and clothing them, and attending to their wants in person. Alexander, dying like Edgar, childless, the youngest brother, David, ascended the throne. He was in all respects the most distinguished of the royal brothers, and perhaps the one who bore most resemblance to his mother. Like her, he showed a special love to his poor and suffering subjects, and on certain days he, like the kings of old, "sat at the gate" giving audience to the poor and aged, and would defer a hunting expedition without a murmur to attend to some poor suppliant. In compliance with the policy pursued by Malcolm and Margaret, he encouraged foreign merchants to frequent the Scottish ports, at the same time preserving to native traders the advantages possessed by them during Malcolm's reign. Many noble buildings owed their foundation to David's pious zeal, among them notably Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso. We may gather that he had a special love for the beautiful abbey of Holyrood, erected by him to enshrine the

"black rood," for which his mother had so great a veneration, and on his death-bed his last wish was to be carried to pray before this representation of his crucified Saviour.

While her descendants continued worthily to fill their parents' throne, the love felt for the memory of their holy mother, by her adopted country, had grown in strength and reverence; and all felt that in losing her visible presence, they had gained an advocate in heaven. Miracles were wrought at her tomb, and throughout Britain she was considered to be a saint. In the year 1250, during the reign of the saint's great grandson, Alexander, the public recognition of her sanctity was formally sanctioned by Pope Innocent IV. Her body was removed from the grave, where it had hitherto lain, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Dunfermline, and enclosed in a silver shrine richly adorned with jewels, which was placed under the high altar in the same church. The young king, together with his mother, Queen Jane, and many bishops and nobles, was present at this ceremony, which was performed with great solemnity and splendor.

The Feast of St. Margaret was originally kept upon November the 16th, the day of her death, but in the seventeenth century it was transferred to the 10th of June, at the request of James II., probably from the fact of that day being the birthday of his son, the Prince of Wales. At the same time, our saint was declared patroness of Scotland, together with St. Andrew. Her shrine continued to be the object of the greatest veneration until the time of the Reformation, when it was plundered and desecrated; the relics were, however, preserved. The head was brought at Queen Mary's desire to Edinburgh Castle where she then was, probably when, exposed to many dangers, she took refuge there to await the birth of her son. After Mary's flight to England the saint's head was removed to the house of the Laird of Drury, where it was for some years preserved by a Benedictine monk. Confided by him to the missionary Jesuits, it was by one of them, John Robie, taken to Belgium, and after due authentication was publicly exposed for veneration, first at Antwerp, from whence it was removed to the Scots College of Douay; there it remained till the days of the French Revolution, when it disappeared amid the general spoliation of the churches. George Caruthers, the historian, saw this relic at Douay in 1785, and describes it as being

in a state of extraordinary preservation, and with a quantity of fine hair, fair in color, still upon it. It was enclosed in a bust of solid silver, larger than life; the crown, and chain about it, richly adorned with pearls and other jewels. With regard to the other remains of the saint and her husband, they are stated to have been sent to Spain at the earnest request of Philip the Second, and placed by him in the Escorial. Some years ago Bishop Gillis, in the hope of restoring St. Margaret's relics to a Scottish shrine, applied for this purpose to the Spanish government, but they could not then be identified. It is, however, possible to hope that these relics still exist, and that the day may come when they will be brought back to the land which still glories in the memory of its illustrious queen.

From The Fortnightly Review.
NEWSPAPERS.

IT may be considered strange, but it is a fact, that there has always been great difficulty in defining a newspaper in such a manner as to include a newspaper and nothing else. Such was this difficulty when the newspaper stamp existed, that the whole of the legal wisdom of the government departments, aided by numerous decisions of the courts of law, was long unequal to the task of deciding with any certainty what kind of publication did, and what did not, come within the meaning of the paternal statutes by which newspapers were long kept in awe, if not in order. This uncertainty still exists. The latest definition of a newspaper in its latest form is laid down by the act of Parliament of 1870, and the subsequent act passed by Mr. Labouchere in 1881. It is as follows:—

Any publication consisting wholly or in great part of "Political or other news or of Articles, relating thereto, or to other Current topics with or without advertisements;" subject to these conditions. That it be "printed and published in the United Kingdom;" that it be published "in numbers at intervals of not more than seven days;" that it have the full title and date of publication printed at the top of the first page and the whole, or part of the title, and the date of publication printed at the top of every subsequent page.

If we examine this definition we find that any publication published in the United Kingdom at intervals of not more

than seven days, and with its title and date affixed, is a newspaper, provided it consists "in great part" of articles relating to "current topics," even if there be no news in it. It need not contain a word of news. It may have news or not—that is indifferent, but if the title or the date is omitted on any page—that is fatal. Then its news or its articles must form "a great part" of it. What that "great part" is the act does not tell us. The postmaster-general, indeed, has assumed to decide that the "great part" means "the greater part;" but I fancy that if the postmaster-general were deprived of even one quarter of his very insufficient salary, he would consider that to be a "great part" of it, and would not wait to make complaint until he had been deprived of more than one half, or of the "greater part" of his stipend.

I merely mention this to show the difficulty there is in ascertaining precisely what is a newspaper; but for my present purpose it will suffice to take the popular notion of a newspaper, and to assume that the word means any paper containing news published at regular intervals. We are not, indeed, yet quite out of our difficulty, for we now come to the question, "What is news?" And here, also, I must ask permission to turn away from the exact definition of the word and ask the reader to be content to assume with me that it means any statement that is new, unexpected, and calculated to satisfy curiosity. News need not be true, in order to be news. In fact, for newspaper purposes, it would seem to be better that it should not be true. For instance, a newspaper states to-day that the Russian government has occupied Sarakhs. That is to-day's news. To-morrow the same newspaper corrects its previous news, and states that the Russian government has not occupied Sarakhs; and perhaps on the third day the same newspaper will state that the place called Sarakhs does not now exist. Thus we see that one single fact, or absence of fact, may furnish endless news paragraphs, only one of which, or no one of which, is true, but each of which is news at the time it is given. Let us not immediately despise all news, for "rumor, with her hundred tongues," often tells truth with one, though she may lie with the ninety-nine others; and we must, perforce, listen to all the hundred, lest we miss that one which does tell the truth.

Newspapers are of very high antiquity. At least six hundred years B.C. the Ro-

mans possessed them in the shape of the *Acta diurna*, or reports of military operations, which were periodically sent to the remotest confines of the empire. But I propose to deal now with modern newspapers. The Italians, who were the pioneers of modern commerce, were also the inventors of modern newspapers, and from them comes that word *Gazette*, which is still the official designation of the official sheet of news. Germany and France followed in the wake of Italy; and if we except Russia, which could then be scarcely said to exist, England was the last of what are called the great powers of Europe which possessed a regular newspaper. News was indeed occasionally published. In 1619, a broad sheet was published, entitled: *News out of Holland*, which contained an oration of the French ambassador to the States General of Holland in regard to certain prisoners, and which also contained certain theological propositions, as for instance: "That original sin is no sin but an occasion of sin." But it was not till 1622 that the first periodical newspaper was published in England by one Nathaniel But-ter. It was called *The weekly news from Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, the Palatinate, France, and the Low Countries*. The size of it was about eight inches by five inches. It contained nothing but foreign news, and could hardly be called a newspaper at all in the modern sense of the term.

The great political activity produced by the Parliamentary War gave rise to several new attempts at periodical newspapers. In 1655 there appeared a small sheet eight inches by five inches called the *Perfect Diurnall*, wherein was found one of the earliest of those trade announcements which are now called advertisements. It is in the following terms:

There is a book newly printed, intitulated Expository Notes, with practical observations towards the opening of the five first chapters of the first Book of Moses, called Genesis, at the Bear in Paul's Churchyard near the little North Gate.

In 1663, the *Intelligencer* appeared under the direction of Roger L'Estrange, who announced that his Majesty Charles II. had granted to him, alone, the privilege of publishing all intelligence. A little later, the *London Gazette*, then called the *Oxford Gazette*, began to make a fitful appearance; but it was not until the Revolution called "glorious" had passed over the country, had left behind it a distinct

array of political parties struggling for power, and had thereby called into existence a number of interests hanging on to the parties, that the first daily newspaper was established. Three days after William III., riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, had fallen from his horse, broken his collar bone, and died — three days therefore after the accession of Queen Anne — there appeared, on the 11th of March, 1702, the *Daily Courant*. It was a small sheet of not more than twelve inches by six inches, printed in two columns on one side of the paper, and it continued in existence for many years.

It was followed by the *Post Boy*, and within thirty years after its first appearance we find it flourishing in advertisements, which now first began to be printed in a more open form, or as it is termed, to be "displayed." Meantime, a stamp duty had been imposed in order to check the spread of seditious publications, an indication of the fact that publications of all kinds had become more common.

All these sheets are long since extinct; but on the 12th February, 1773, there was published the first number of the still existing *Morning Post* and *Daily Advertiser*. This was a newspaper measuring twenty-four inches by eighteen, and consisting of four pages. Twelve years later, in 1785, there appeared the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*, which three years after took the name of the *Times*, and which was then of the same size as the *Morning Post*. Since these two were started, many other daily papers have appeared, so that we now have in the British Isles well nigh two thousand of such publications.

One point is worthy of remark as regards the newspaper in its original form, which is that it consisted wholly of news. In the word "news," I include, on Dr. Johnson's authority, what are called advertisements; although I understand that the postmaster-general, improving upon Dr. Johnson, has declared that advertisements are not news. But at any rate, these newspapers had nothing in them which answers to the modern "leading article." They gave their news, and allowed their readers to make their own comments upon it. This news, although much less in quantity, was much more miscellaneous in character than that which would now be admitted into the columns of a serious daily journal. Thus, in the *Morning Post* of 1776, we find the following paragraphs:—

The elopement of Miss B., of Camberwell, with Mr. F., has so much displeased her father that it is now thought impossible for a reconciliation to take place. The friends of that young lady are every day impressed with the mercenary idea of disposing of her fortune to the best advantage (and, like the unnatural example of the haughty sisters of Peckham, who, rather than condescend to an interview between their sister and her lover, mutually consented that she could pine away in an inexpressible melancholy), thus concealing her death in order to enlarge the fortunes of the remaining favorites.

Again:—

The elopement which has occasioned so much conversation lately, was carried on with uncommon address. The surprise which some have expressed at the lady playing this *faux pas*, so soon after the marriage celebrated with such unusual festivities, can be expressed only by those who did not know that before she became Lady — her attention to several gentlemen astonished the prudent of her sex. She was known to be the person who went into Lord C.'s bedchamber in the morning, in order to call him to go to the Hunt, and has played off many of these airs, which after a long siege have proved so successful against the Duke of D——.

Here is another:—

A certain Cambridgeshire Peer has at last wound up his bottoms, all his Estates being advertised to be sold by public auction. He seems perfectly easy in his present circumstances, desiring only enough for a decent support of himself and three dozen favorite lap dogs, and wishing the B—— family at the devil.

Here, again, is an anecdote with reference to an old Earl of Derby who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I., who

always wearing very plain apparel, and coming one day to Court, was denied entrance into the Privy Chamber by a fine dressed Scot who told him that was no place for ploughmen, and that none came through but such as dressed like gentlemen. The Earl replied, he wore the clothes he used to wear, and if the Scots did so, they would make a mean figure at the English Court. The King, hearing the dispute at the Chamber Door, came to know the occasion of it, and to whom the Earl said, "Nothing, my Liege; but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them, neither know themselves nor their betters." The King, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man said, "My good Lord Derby, I am sorry for the abase given by my servant, and to make your Lordship satisfied, I will order him to be hanged if your Lordship desires it." The Earl replied, "That is too small an atonement for the affront put upon

my honor, and I expect his punishment to be more exemplary." "Name it, my Lord;" said the King, "and it shall be done." "Why, then, I desire Your Majesty would send him home again."

Here, again, is an allusion to the Duke of Devonshire:—

Gaming amongst the families at Chatsworth has been carried to such a pitch that the phlegmatic Duke has been provoked to gaze at it, and has spoken to the Duchess in the severest terms against a conduct which has driven many from the house who could not afford to partake of amusement carried on at the expense of five hundred or one thousand pounds a night.

Here comes a paragraph in these words:

The great talk which has lately been made about the Earl of Bristol's effeminacy puts us in mind of the Lady Dowager Townshend's idea of that noble family, in which she said there were three different kinds of mortals then existing, viz, men, women, and Herveys.

Other paragraphs continually occurred at this time in the *Morning Post*, and ten years later in the *Times*, of so grossly indecent a nature that it is impossible to transcribe them. Yet in those days the press was still under many notable restrictions, which were long maintained and defended on the very ground that their removal would open the floodgates of blasphemy, vice, and indecency. Nevertheless in these our own days, when all those restrictions have actually been removed, and when the press in such matters bows to public taste alone, no journal would dare, on peril of its life, to publish anything approaching the paragraphs which a hundred years ago were so frequent in their appearance.

It will, however, be sufficiently seen from the extracts above given that the publication of social gossip and personal paragraphs, which are often declared to belong to a kind of journalism of entirely modern invention, and which has been named "society journalism," is really as old as the oldest of existing newspapers; and from a letter which appears in the *Morning Post* of the 15th November, 1776, the same kind of comments appear then to have been made upon it as are sometimes heard at the present date:—

"Mr. Editor," says a correspondent, "what a lucky devil you are! and what an awful wag you must have been to turn the whole tide of fashionable chit-chat, gallantries, amours, and certain lectures into your delightful and bewitching reservoir and draw lively tittle-tattle! It would do your heart good to see the lately

galled jades of quality wince, as I have, at the *Morning Post* Blister that they every now and then draw upon their own backs—infernal treason! betrayal of private conversation! and family anecdotes! Cruel savages! thus far, the invectives of my own sex are blended with their pretty soft tears and dishevelled locks, afford me ever and anon the prettiest scene of tragedy run mad I ever beheld. In comes the Duke of ——— and my Lord ——— 'If the villain is to be met with above ground we'll find him out. Fie! Fo! Fum! Damme! I will cut his throat, or, he shall mine! base, selfish and dissembling unknown (that is rather too gallant if you know all, Mr. Editor) and on my account!—John run this instant and fetch my Toledo! Why don't you fly, you rascal! and two cases of pistols! Twenty thousand more! Kill them!' This, Mr. Editor, is the dear entertaining scene I pursue in my chair every morning from Pall Mall through St. James's, Grosvenor, and Portman Squares, and return in raptures with my morning's diversion—Your admirer, A younger sister of Quality."

It will be seen that the daily newspaper of a hundred years ago was full of elopements from Camberwell, private conversation, and chit-chat. It was a very different thing from the imposing sheet of to-day, which barely deigns to notice anything but high politics, and which busies itself with ordering the destinies of empires and pre-ordaining the fate of ministries in the most mealy-mouthed and emptiest of phrases, which avoids all mention of individual men and women (except the "respectable tradesman"), until they chance to come into the police-court or the divorce-court, and which deals with all things and acts as though they were the outcome of a series of lifeless impersonal abstractions.

For long after their first appearance, newspapers were looked upon with a jealous eye by the government. They were restrained by specific statutes; held in check by stamp duties; muzzled by advertisement duties; and starved by paper duties. But some five-and-thirty years ago, an agitation was commenced with the object of freeing them from all these fetters. In 1853 the advertisement duty was repealed; in 1855 the obligatory newspaper stamp was abolished, and in 1861, with the repeal of the paper duty, the last check upon the unrestrained journalism was taken away. As a matter of course, the resulting increase in the number of newspapers has been very great as well as the resulting diminution in their price. It was believed so recently as 1851 that it was not possible to produce a newspaper of any value at so low a price as one

penny. The late Mr. Mowbray Morris, the able manager of the *Times*, in his evidence before the committee of 1851, said, "I do not think it would be possible to provide newspapers to meet the taste of the public, unless it fell very greatly, for a penny. Attempts would be made, but unless the tone of the press were lowered very extensively those attempts would fail. I do not think it would be possible for a newspaper published at a penny or twopence to publish at a profit without pandering to a very immoral taste."

Elsewhere, he laid it down that fourpence was the lowest sum for which a newspaper "as good as the *Times*" could possibly be published. Yet the *Times* itself is now published at threepence, and many other journals of very considerable pretensions at a penny.

When it was seen that the trammels of journalism were about to be loosed the penny paper came into existence. The *Daily Telegraph*, the first newspaper published at that price, was established in June, 1855, and is now one of the most successful of English journals, and the probability is that in course of time all the daily newspapers will be forced to follow the recent example of the *Morning Post*, and to reduce their price to that of the *Daily Telegraph*.

There still remains, however, one last remnant of government censorship of the newspapers in the shape of postal regulations. By these regulations, a newspaper, whatever be its size and weight, is entitled to be sent by post throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny per copy, while any publication not a newspaper is subject to the book-post rates, which are considerably higher. Now the decision as to what is and what is not a newspaper is committed by the act of Parliament entirely to the postmaster-general, without any appeal to any court of law, or any appeal at all, except to the treasury. The practical result of this is that the postmaster-general has the power, by deciding that a publication is not a newspaper, of imposing upon it a fine of increased postage. It may be, and probably is true, that this power will usually be generously exercised; but the power is there, and on an emergency, might be put to very obnoxious uses. The truth is, that the system of carrying a newspaper of any size or weight whatever at a fixed rate is a bad one. The true principle of charge for carrying by post is that of charging by weight, and whether the thing carried

be a newspaper or a book, it should be charged for on the same scale. It may be a matter of good policy to carry newspapers cheaply; but if so, it is equally a matter of policy to carry books cheaply. It can hardly be pretended that the Bible is less entitled to cheap carriage than the *Times*; yet the *Times* is carried at one rate and the Bible at another and a much higher rate. The *Times* usually weighs about five ounces, and is carried for a halfpenny, while five ounces of Bible are charged three-halfpence, or exactly three times as much. The *Field*, again, usually weighs some twelve ounces and is carried for a halfpenny, while Mr. Fawcett is compelled to charge us threepence, or six times as much, for carrying the same weight of his own political economy.

The number of the *Times* published on Saturday, 14th June, 1884, was of unusual size, consisting of three full sheets, or of twenty-four pages each containing six columns, or one hundred and forty-four columns in all—a marvellous production altogether. But the editor of the *Times* will probably be surprised to learn that upon this occasion the *Times* was not a newspaper as defined by the postmaster-general, for it consisted of eighty-four and two-thirds columns of advertisements (which, according to the postmaster-general, are not news), and of fifty-nine and one-third columns of "news or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics." Now the postal authorities hold that when the news and articles form, as in this instance, less than one-half of the publication, that publication is not a newspaper; and it follows, therefore, if the post-office construction of the act is correct, that the *Times* was upon this occasion not a newspaper, was not therefore entitled to registration as a newspaper, and was not entitled to be carried at the newspaper rate of postage, and should have been charged at the book rate. And, inasmuch as the number weighed a fraction over seven and one-fourth ounces, the postage on it at the book rate would have been twopence, or four times as much as that which was actually charged upon it.

It is right to acknowledge, and proper to be thankful for the great diminution in the rates of postage for printed matter which has been recently effected. Thirty years ago, it was not thought possible that the post-office could carry a newspaper for a penny, much less for a halfpenny, and I find Mr. W. H. Smith, the late first lord of the Admiralty, and a man of much experience in the newspaper trade, giving evi-

dence to that effect before a committee of the House of Commons on the 3rd June, 1851, in the following words :—

The general rivalry of persons engaged in the Newspaper business would be such as to prevent the Post Office from carrying any Newspapers for the postage charge of one penny to any town in England.

Nevertheless, since the diminution has been made, the prosperity of the post-office has been much increased, as have also the numbers of newspapers carried; so that whereas in 1857, seventy-one millions of newspapers were delivered annually by post in the United Kingdom, in 1882-1883 no fewer than four hundred and twenty-nine millions of newspapers and book packets were so delivered—an increase sufficient, if Mr. Smith had been right, to have entirely ruined the post-office.

It is the fashion in England to declare that, of all the newspapers in the world, the English are the best. I have some knowledge of foreign newspapers, and I am bound to say that in certain particulars, many of them are superior to ours. German and Russian newspapers need hardly be regarded, being, as they are, under a strict censorship, and in daily fear of their own lives and the liberty of their writers. The Spanish press is entirely without enterprise, and very trivial, excepting when it is being made use of for the furtherance of State conspiracies. The Italian press is either trivial or venal, or both; but the French press, while inferior in the quantity and quality of its news, is far superior even to the English in respect of its comments and handling of many subjects, and especially in respect of its political leaders, some of which rise to a high level of statesmanship very rarely reached in the columns of a London newspaper. The American newspapers, again, show far greater enterprise, far greater readiness to understand and to hit the taste of the moment than the English journals. But, on the whole, and taking into account the trustworthiness of its news, the dignity (often exaggerated) of its attitude, and its entire freedom from suspicion of corruptibility by money, the English press may compare creditably with any in the world. In the search for and the collection of news, the conductors of English newspapers have displayed very great enterprise and ability. To find out and to bring together news is not by any means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Most men do not know news

when they see it; that is to say that they learn a fact or see an event pass before their own eyes without its ever occurring to them that for the rest of mankind that fact or that event is new and unexpected, and its publication calculated to satisfy their curiosity—that in fact, it is news.

It must not be forgotten that a newspaper is a commercial venture, and regarded in this light, our modern newspapers present some very strange anomalies. The expense of producing a daily newspaper may be divided into two heads—first, there is the cost of writing the newspaper (in which I include the payments to editor and writers and the cost of telegrams and other matters), added to which, there is the cost of composition or setting up the writing in type. The charge under this head is a constant sum whether there be one copy printed or a million. Then comes the second head of charges, which vary with the number of the paper printed. It is composed of the cost of the paper itself on which the journal is printed, and the cost of the actual printing or “machining” of the type already set up. Now it is a fact, that with the utmost economy, the charge under this second head amounts for the penny newspaper of the common size to about as much as the paper itself is sold for to the trade. It follows, therefore, that while the varying charge under the second head is more or less provided for by the sale of the papers, the constant and much larger charge under the first head is not so provided for. How then is it met? Solely and exclusively by the revenue derived from advertisements. The result is this: that a newspaper lives not upon its circulation but upon its advertisements. In fact, it buys publicity for its news by selling publicity for its advertisements; it gives away for nothing the news which it professes to sell, on condition of being paid for the advertisements which accompany it. Its real customers are not its readers but its advertisers; the commodity it deals in is not news but attention. It buys the attention of its readers by its news and sells that attention to its advertisers for their money. If now the cost of the paper and the machining, instead of merely equaling, should, as is sometimes the case, exceed the sum for which the paper is sold, then the best financial position for that newspaper to be in is one in which not a single copy of the newspaper should be sold at all. Of course, however, the result in this case would be that it would get no advertisements, inasmuch as the

advertiser wishes to have his advertisement circulated as largely as possible; and, as a matter of fact, the object of a newspaper proprietor in the position I have described must be to obtain the largest number of advertisements with the smallest amount of circulation. Mr. Mowbray Morris, for instance, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1851, as to the *Times*, was asked this question: "The greater the circulation the greater the loss?" and answered, "The greater the loss beyond a certain limit." He was then asked, "Do you not mean this, that when you have a supplement, so far as your supplement is concerned, if you only printed one copy of it, your gain would be the greatest?" to which he answered, "Yes." After this he was asked, "For every copy you sell, you diminish your gain, and when you pass a certain line it becomes an absolute loss?" to which he replied, "Just so; that is to say when the expenditure exceeds the value of the advertisements."

Thus, it will be seen that newspapers are in reality somewhat in a false position. They profess to sell news and to give advertisements to boot. What they really do is to sell publicity for advertisements and to give news to boot.

There is besides another and a very important matter, in which the modern newspaper would seem to be in a strange situation. The proper business of a newspaper would appear to be the publication of news; and the proper function of a newspaper editor would therefore appear to be to collect the largest possible amount of news and to print it without reserve and regard to its effect or partiality towards one effect rather than another. There is, however, in modern journalism, a prevailing feature, which far more than is generally suspected, affects, and to a large extent defeats its original and proper purpose. The newspaper originally, as I have already remarked, published news alone; but in the beginning of the present century, the editor, no longer content that his paper should fulfil its purpose of publishing news, began to assume the right of professing opinions. He began not merely to tell his readers what was happening, but also to tell them what he thought and what they ought to think of what was happening. It is now over sixty years since this became general in English newspapers, and the result has been that the "leader" has overshadowed the news in importance, and that the horn of the leader-writer has been exalted while

that of the newsmonger has been abased. Newspapers indeed, are now less *news* papers than *opinion* papers. The publisher has become lost in the advocate, and at this time a public journal is regarded less an instrument for providing general information for its readers than as an organ for promoting among them the special opinions of a political party, or a social class. This being the case, the efforts of the editor have become diverted into an entirely new channel. The business of the collection of news becomes a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. It seems to him desirable rather to instruct than to inform, rather to proselytize than to instruct. He seeks to repeat forcibly the opinions of a *colerie* rather than to discover and to disclose thoroughly the events and occurrences of the world. His object is to say something rather than to tell everything. He averts his attention, therefore, from his proper business, and leaves that business to be carried on in a secondary manner, by secondary men who often neither know what news is nor where to look for it; and thus it happens that the reader is ill served where he should be served the best. The profession of opinions not only causes the editor to neglect the collection of news, but it prevents the honest and unreserved publication of such news as is collected. Opinions being regarded as of more importance than intelligence, the editor will occasionally suppress altogether intelligence which makes against the opinions of his newspaper, or publishing such intelligence, will so present it and with such a gloss as to diminish as much as possible its influential force. Correspondents, reporters, and all who collect information, know well what they are intended to put, and accordingly they do put a special kind of color upon their facts. Every writer in a daily journal is understood and expected to view all acts and events from the special position occupied by that journal; and it is not too much to say that the whole staff of a newspaper is engaged in presenting things, not as they are, but as it is held by the editor on behalf of a certain class that they should be.

As with news so is it with opinions for the purpose of a daily newspaper. The opinion expressed need not be true, it is enough if it be new and plausible. Nay, for it to be true is a fatal defect, for in that case it can only be asserted once as a new thing and must henceforth be merely repeated as an old and stale thing, whereas if it be false any number of new

changes may be rung upon it. Truth is one, but falsehoods are many. When an editor declares that two and two make four there is an end of his leaders on that subject; but if he points out that many thoughtful persons have held that under certain circumstances they make seventeen, and that in certain places the sound good sense of the majority has accepted them as making fifty-two, then an interminable vista of leaders is opened up, on practical as opposed to theoretical arithmetic, on circumstances, places, conditions, fitnesses, experiences, and what not. Thus indeed it is alone that the possibility has been realized of many daily newspapers publishing three or four leaders each every morning and no two of them saying the same thing about the same facts.

The model newspaper, in my humble opinion, should be — the newspaper of the future in my expectation will be — one that concerns itself solely with news, and the whole brain power of which is directed to the discovery and collection of news, while it will be left to others in other journals to express separately the opinions which may be formed upon the events chronicled by the newspaper proper. This function of expressing opinions is one which can hardly be fulfilled in an adequate manner by the writers in a newspaper published at so short an interval as every twenty-four hours. In trivial matters of slight importance it is easy enough to throw off at once an opinion which may be sufficient for the purpose, but in affairs of grave import, the judgment of which often requires much previous labor, the daily journalist is at great disadvantage.

I may say, as Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons, "I know what leaders are, for I have written them;" and I am convinced that serious harm may be and is done by gentlemen who, able and conscientious though they are, sit down with a telegram of serious importance which has just arrived, or with a blue-book which has just been published, and rattle off in a couple of hours what professes to be a statesmanlike judgment of the facts, and a prudent counsel as to the conduct that should be observed in dealing with them. I know, of course, the answer that will be made: that the readers of a newspaper are anxious to have provided for them every morning with their tea and toast a ready-made opinion which they may present to their friends as their own. But if it be, as I believe it is, that these opinions, given thus hurriedly,

must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be imperfect, insufficiently founded and untrustworthy, a newspaper reader would be far better off were he left himself to digest his news, to form, if any conclusion must be hastily formed, his own hasty conclusion, and to wait for a more valuable judgment at some longer interval of time.

These criticisms are those which have been suggested by a certain experience of the press; and they are presented merely as suggestions for those who make of the press a more serious business than I have done. I offer them, because I believe that to the press belongs, in a large measure, the future of the world, if it will but prove itself equal to its mission. There was a time when it was believed that the writing of the press was produced by venal starvelings writing shamefully for existence in remote garrets, and when it was held disgraceful to be convicted of any connection with journalism. That time is now past, and the fact is recognized that there are men speaking to their fellow-countrymen in the press who have things to the full as true and important to say, and as good a right to be heard in saying them, as any of those who command the applause of listening senates. That also is recognized which long was sought to be disputed, — that the press is now a great power in the nation. Formerly, public matters were treated exclusively by experts; now everybody assumes to deal with them, to criticise them, and to express an opinion upon them. The number of people, indeed, whose duty it is to come to a conclusion on these matters has greatly increased, since by the extension of the suffrage the number of those is increased who have a direct voice in moulding the destinies of the nation; of these, it cannot be denied that a large proportion are ignorant and without judgment; and this it is which makes the power of the press the greater, because the readers of the press, feeling, as they do, bound to act while they also feel that they are unable to judge, have no alternative but to adopt with avidity any superficial judgment or conclusion presented to them by their daily teacher. Very great indeed is the power of the press; yet in its exercise it is limited. No journal nor any number of journals can withstand a popular cry when once it has been raised; but any journal, before it has been raised, may help to create it, or, after it has been raised, may assist to swell it. Not only leader-writers but foreign correspondents,

reporters, and penny-a-liners, have an enormous power of previous instruction in any matter, and an almost unlimited power of subsequent exaggeration of that matter, and this has sufficed to make of the modern newspaper one of the most potent of all possible agencies for good or for evil.

This power of the press is, in our own country, the youngest of all the powers. It is far younger than Parliament, younger than parties and party government, younger than Cabinets; yet Parliament, parties, and Cabinets have to count with it. Were the press, not strangely divided against itself, not only by natural commercial rivalry but also by unnatural and incomprehensible petty jealousies, Parliament, parties, and Cabinets together might well tremble before it; but such as it is, and such as it is granted to be, it is one of the most potent and pregnant forces now found in the kingdom. Yet, according to our English custom, we are still disposed to deny not only its importance but also its very existence. Just as we know that thirteen gentlemen, who form the Cabinet, decide upon our destinies, trace out our future, make peace and declare war, while we ascribe their acts to the sovereign acting by and with the advice of that Privy Council, which is never assembled; just as we know that party organization, finding its expression in party votes, decides whether these thirteen gentlemen shall retain their posts or another thirteen be put in their place, while we yet ascribe the decision to the collective wisdom of the fittest and properest persons in the country; just so there are policies adopted, acts done and forborne, and appointments made, in pure and simple obedience to the behests of that press, which, nevertheless, has up to this moment no recognized place in the British empire. In every other department of human activity due, and occasionally undue, recognition has been given to those who by their talents have raised themselves above their fellows; but the press has never yet been officially recognized. Beer and banking, riches, romance, and poetry, have been ennobled; baronetcies have been showered upon lord mayors, sheriffs, and doctors, and music-masters have been knighted, but never yet has the fountain of honor flowed even for the ablest, most enterprising, and most successful of those who have organized with so much success the daily brains of the nation. There are men among them who can challenge comparison, either for personal qualities and

attainments, or for personal position in the country, with any brewer or banker ever raised to the House of Lords; but they only represent brains, and brains, though unofficially courted, secretly coaxed, and sometimes abjectly entreated in private, are not yet officially recognized in public as an existing force in the daily life of Great Britain. It may be that the time will come when this also will be changed. If so, it will be well. Meantime, the newspaper press has no great cause to be ashamed of the part it has played in the past, while it has the greatest cause to look forward with confidence, yet with a deeper sense of responsibility, to the part it may, if it will, play in the future.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

From Time.

A PEASANT HOME IN BRETON.

PASSING out through the fortified gateway, with its honorable scars left by the centuries of siege and conflict, we found ourselves in the lime and chestnut avenues haunted by magpies, which lead through the land of Cockaigne. The sleepy, silent fields all round were whitening to the harvest of the buckwheat flower and the mellowing corn. The apple-trees, twisted into strange shapes by reason of their burden of ruddy fruit, bowed like good citizens to the wheat or the blossom in the fields, instead of dwelling apart in the proud seclusion of orchards. The heat lay like a veil upon the lowlands and the hills beyond. Wherever the stream widened into pools, the indefatigable women were washing, their red kerchiefs and blue dresses making gay reflections in the water. Now and again a strange Arcadian flock passed slowly by. A cow or two, a decrepit horse, a solitary sheep, a giant pig with hungry teeth, perchance a goat or an ass, always a wolfish-looking dog, go about in company, but not always in harmony. They are tended by a shepherdess who might have gained experience in the real Arcadia, or in the service of Abraham for the matter of that, judging from the number of her venerable wrinkles and her mummy-like appearance. It is always either a primeval grandmother or a tottering infant who drives these strange teams afiel. But the most frequent apparition of all was a figure clad in rusty black garments with a benign and rosy face, who took off his broad beaver

hat to us with a benedictory smile. In this, as in all our walks about the *Côtes-du-Nord*, we came upon what the guide-books call "objects of interest" in abundant measure. First the deserted spa, with its grass-grown promenade and neglected fountain of water that is strongly suggestive of old pennies, once a place of pilgrimage for dyspeptic and fashionable Bretons. Next, beyond the beech wood, a beautiful château, rising with its peaked roofs and tourelles above the trees, having somehow escaped the ravages of the Revolution. Lastly a ruin of great resort yet much less interesting to our thinking than the château (of Conninais), whose notoriety was first made apparent to the English race by Mrs. Norton's afflicting verses. But resting here on the green slope below the empty *colombier* tower, it fortunately occurred to us that we were hot and thirsty after our walk, and that it would be well to go and procure milk at the farmhouse close by. We accordingly made our way to it, and lighted upon the most perfect example of a Breton interior ever seen off the walls of the Academy. The floor of the one living-room was as dirty as possible. *Lits clos*, boxes, with the outer side cut away and filled up with a curtain, stood one above another against the wall. As these are always too short for people to stretch themselves out in at full length, the dying are lifted out and laid on boards supported by tres-

tles, which stand always in readiness for the purpose beside each bed. On one side of the room we saw the huge chimneyplace with its sheltered corner for the wooden settle on winter evenings. Above this settle a wooden prong stuck into the wall to hold a solitary dip. There were great mahogany cupboards with brass handles, bunches of fragrant herbs hanging from the beams, and finely carved oak dressers that moved us to envy, whereon gleamed copper pans and curious old china bowls. The *bonne femme* stood at the table in the centre, mixing some unsavory concoction for supper. Presently she brought us a great soup tureen full of rich milk. A fat baby and a lean pig slumbered peacefully side by side on the hearth, the hens wandered in and out pecking at the baby's shoes. The old grandmother, who looked as if she might fly away on a broomstick, scowled and muttered at us in a dark corner, the cows put their mild heads through the door and were welcome to walk in if they liked — the pigs and sheep often availed themselves of the privilege. The father stood smoking on the step, three sturdy little boys rushed away at our approach and took up their station on the wall of the courtyard, from whence they flung stones and scornful remarks at our heads. All these live and move and have their being in the one room of that farm at La Garaye.

ELECTRICITY UBIQUITOUS. — Owing principally to the ignorance of writers in the newspapers, to the artificial system of education imposed upon elementary schoolmasters by the existing system, and also perhaps to the rate at which men live, the universality of electric phenomena is but little understood. The servant brushing a coat, cleaning windows, beating a carpet, placing a kettle on the fire to boil, sifting cinders, etc.; the carpenter using his plane or brush; the schoolboy or girl rubbing out the lines in his or her book; the master making or mending his pen is, during the time he or she is so employed, as effectually an electrical machine as the most elaborate apparatus made by the art of Elliot or Holtz. Many manufacturers find "electricity" a nuisance. In the weaving of various fabrics, such, for example, as those in which silk and wool are used, the work is very electrical. Mr. E. Bright's paper before the Society of Telegraph Engineers will give full details of the troubles arising in weaving and the methods

of overcoming the difficulties. In making chocolate, sealing-wax, in the manufacture of glass, in the grinding of coffee, and so on, care has to be exercised, or instead of the pure article we should obtain one highly charged with dust, not usable, and therefore unsalable. Even the glamor of the action of electricity must be taken into our corn mills, for electricity is one of the principal causes assisting to make the miller white. When we brush our hair, or walk over the carpet, we are generators of electricity. In fact, it would seem that the greater portion of the work of the world is done in rendering electrical phenomena cognisant to our senses. Friction is largely or wholly an electrical phenomena. It must not be supposed that electricity is always in the way. The gliders, if they only knew, could tell a different tale, for their work is oftentimes aided by electricity, as is that of various workers with paper and so on. Electricity is as universal as gravitation.

Electrician.